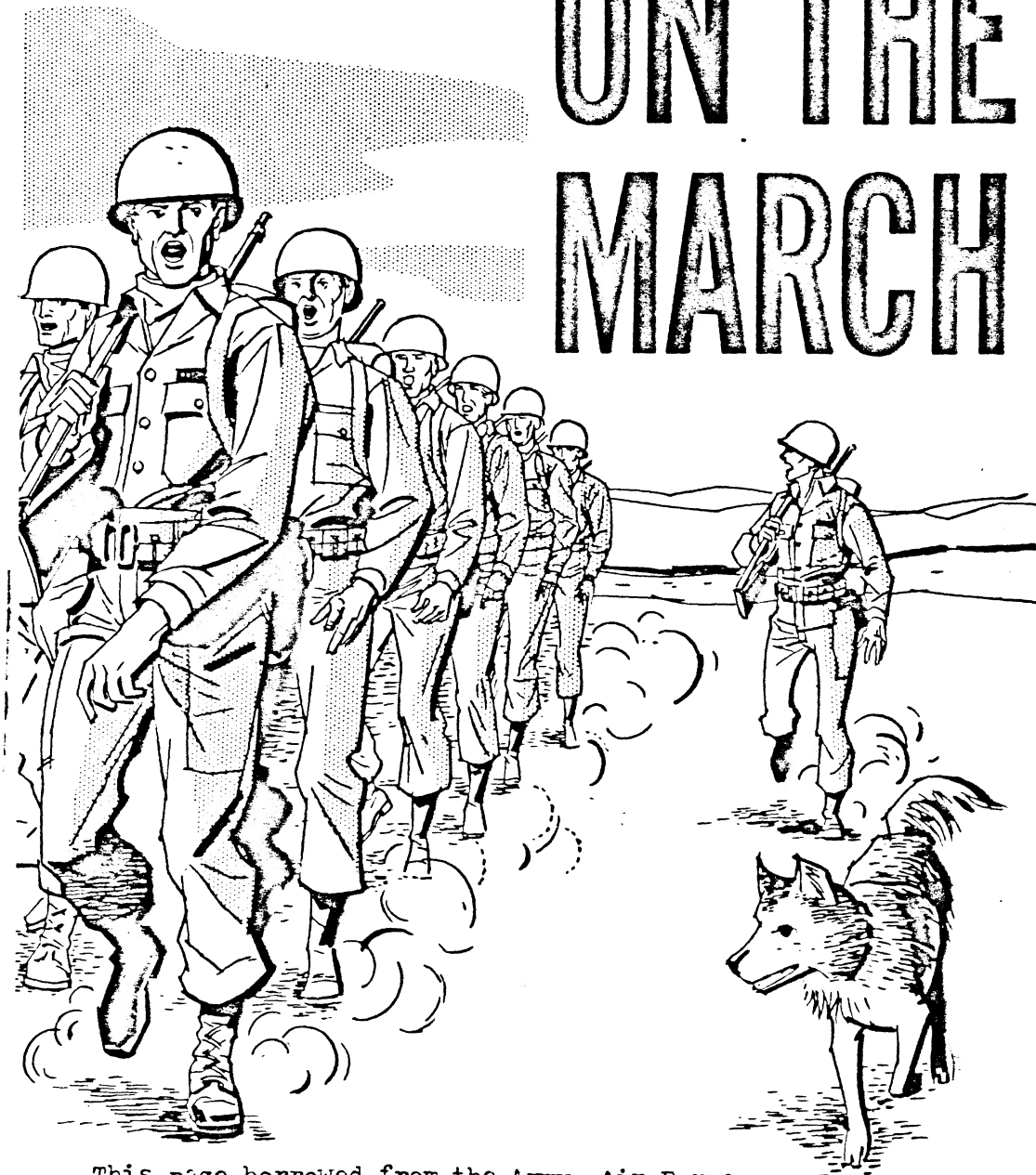


S I N G I N G

ON THE MARCH



This page borrowed from the Army- Air Force
SONG BOOK (Melody Edition) DA Pam 28-101 & AFP 34-10-5
Washington, D.C. 13 June 1957

PART OF COLLECTION PRESENTED
TO LIBRARY OF CONGRESS BY NCTA

Songs and Ballads Authored by Guardsmen and Regulars on Active Duty on
the Mexican Border
1916-1917

Handwritten: Summary of the Mexican Border Affair

Paraphrasing a headline in the November 17, 1960, issue of The National Tribune, formerly the Stars and Stripes, "War Tunes and Ballads Bring Back Memories" to veterans and relatives of veterans of men who served on the Mexican Border and in Mexico during the Mexican Border difficulties of 1916 and 1917. These memories are more poignant among the survivors of the Mexican Border Affair in 1916-17 for at least two reasons: The National Guard and Regular Army veterans composed the Last Volunteer Army; and the Guard units were composed of men born and raised in the same communities and remained together until after April 1917 when the Army reorganized the National Guard units into War strength National Army Divisions.

Some of these soldier-authored ballads were serious, some were humorous, but all were popular in their time and their spirit will live forever. As every War or near War borrows songs sung in previous Wars, let me recall for you some of the best songs that came out of the periods prior to 1916.

Colonial and Revolutionary Period:

Handwritten: Summary of the Colonial and Revolutionary Period

When the Revolutionary War began, the Colonists had no National song, so most American music was borrowed from European sources (English, Irish, etc.) and topical words were adapted to these older tunes. Song writers in the United States began to come into their own in the early months of the 19th Century. War tunes of a nostalgic nature kept pace with the times and became symbols of each subsequent generation. A consensus of songwriters lists the following songs as the best of this period: Yankee Doodle; Johnny Has Gone for a Soldier; I snum I am a Yankee Lad; Why, Soldiers Why?; Soldier, Soldier, Will You Marry Me; and Chester. Chester is probably this nation's first serious patriotic hymn, produced by William Billings, one of our first American composers.

During the post-Revolutionary Period ending in 1799, the best songs appear to be: The Girl I Left Behind Me; Hail Columbia, Happy Land (Music 1798, Words 1807); Auld Lang Sine; Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes; The Girl I Left Behind Me; Johnny Has Gone For a Soldier; Oh Come All You Faithful (Adeste Fideles). For the period of the War of 1812 to the Civil War we can name three memorable songs: The Star Spangled Banner; Columbia the Gem of the Ocean; and America - My Country 'Tis of Thee.

"Civil War Had Battle of Songs" was the headline of an Associated Press column from Washington on November 21, 1961. Songwriters and soldiers joined battle and produced about 10,000 songs. Surely no other war in our history has produced as many songs. The songs written in the North, some one said, reflected the North's crusading spirit to save the Union, while the songs of the South emphasized a fierce resentment of all encroachments on the Confederacy. Another expert opinion states that: the songs on the Union side were statements of purpose and appeals for valor in developing unity amongst the divided North; while the Confederacy's best and most popular songs were written in the first flush of Secession and military victory. Some of the songs named by musical experts are: The Battle Hymn of the Republic; The Battle Cry of Freedom; Tramp, Tramp, Tramp; Dixie; The First Gun is Fired; Just Before the Battle, Mother; When Johnny Comes Marching Home; When This Cruel War is Over; The Cumberland's Crew; Cheer, Boys, Cheer; Lorena; The Bonnie Blue Flag; Maryland, My Maryland; Tenting on the Old Camp Ground; Marching Through Georgia; The Yellow Rose of Texas; Steal Away to Jesus; The Girl I Left Behind Me; (you may add any I have omitted).

What About Songs about "The Splendid Little War" of 1898?

As the Spanish-American War lasted only three months, we know of no songs written during that short period, but we discovered that military bands during that period played: The Star Spangled Banner; Hail Columbia; There'll

Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight; and Fair Harvard. Several other popular songs written between 1893 and 1898 were: Stars and Stripes Forever; Beautiful Isle of Somewhere; America the Beautiful; Forgotten You; I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go; Oh, Beautiful for Spacious Skies; and I Arise From Dreams of Thee.

The Songs Written and Sung During the Mexican Border Patrol:

There were two types of song written in 1916-17: One, those originating in Tin Pan Alley or Hollywood -- really civilian songs, well arranged and protected by copyrights; two, the real G.I. songs, often parentage unknown, melodies borrowed from well-known standard songs, born anywhere from a guard post in the burning Texas sun to a cold tent with no flooring and a Texas Norther chasing chills up and down your back deep into Mexico. For this manuscript we shall adhere to type two, and we believe we have one of the best collections ever documented. Anyone having additional such original songs or ballads is invited to send them to the author.

NATIONAL HISTORIAN
Mexican Border Veterans, Inc.
Moses N. Thisted
470 Walnut St., - Hemet, Cal. 92343

CONTENTS

<u>Title</u>	<u>No.</u>
When He Died on the Mexican Border	1
On the Way to the Border	2
A Rookie's Letter Home	3
The Daily Drill of the Rookies; Or the Captain's Lament	4
What a Rookie Thought of Border Duty	5
Impressions of a Few Days on the Mexican Border	6
The Woman and the Rookie	7
Did You Ever Do the Things We Do Upon the Border?	8
Target Practice	9
The Wild Turnip Eaters	10
Camp Rumors	11
The Sunny Side of Soldier Life	12
Our Soldier Chaplains	13
Dedicated to the Men of the National Guard	14
Bugs	15
Song of the Human Toothpick--"Gods Unfinished Land"	16
I've Got to Go to Mexico	17
Pancho Villa	18
Tramp, Tramp, Tramp	19
Fust Yo' Take Yo' Rifle	20
Oh, the Dirty Little Adjutant	21
The Cal-vreeman Rides a Big Black Horse	22
Mexican Border Medley	23
Company "A"	24
On Wisconsin	25
Das Tea Party	26
My Three Years on the Mexican Border 1914-1917	27
The Fighting Infantry	28
The 13th U.S. Cavalry in Old Chihuahua	29
South Dakota Heads for Texas	30
Oh, the Cavalry, the Cavalry	31
The Twenty-Third Infantry from Brooklyn	32
The Pancho Villa Song	33

<u>Title</u>	<u>No.</u>
Detail	34
Casey Jones on the Border	35
Down on the Rio Grande	36
Hello, Hello, Squadron "A"	37
Fighting for the U.S.A.	38
On the Texas Border Line	39
I've Done My Bit on the Border	40
The Guardsman's Toast	41
Dreaming Dreams and Seeing Visions	42
Passing the Buck	43
But the Country's Safe	44
A Long Way from Home	45
Recall Tale about Capt. Emil Martin, Who Sought Recruits	46
Parodies	47
a. Major Jim Schuyler's Delight	
b. At Target Practice	
c. Tase's Dream	
d. Farewell, Jim	
e. Our Pet	
Four or Five Days from Broadway	48
Take Us Back to New York Town	49
True Blue	50
All Go North on the 1:45	51
Hell on the Rio Grande	52
Soon	53
Christmas Comes to the Border	54
Christmas on the Border	55
I've Done My Bit in the Guard House	56
Gray's "Elegy" Done into Llano Grandean	57
Dreaming of Home	58
A Leave of Absence	59
Suppose	60
Too Proud to Loaf	61

<u>Title</u>	<u>No.</u>
The Other Man	62
The Raver	63
A Border Christmas Carol	64
On the Road to Mexico	65
The National Guards on the Job	66
The Second Washington	67
In Texas, Down by the Rio Grande	68
The Midnight Patrol	69
The Sentry	70
You Are Doing Your Bit on the Border	71
The Raw Cavalry Recruit.....	72
Captain Harry H. Spencer of Troop "K", 1st N.Y. Cavalry.....	73

The first sixteen (16) Ballads were composed by Sergeant F. B. Camp, Second Montana Infantry Regiment, while his unit was stationed at Camp Harry Jones, Douglas, Arizona, in 1916. We were loaned a copy of the publication by Colonel Vernon Peterson, Cav., Ret., Walnut Creek, California. As no copyright is in effect, we are taking the liberty of including the entire interesting series of Ballads as an indicator of the original songs and ballads which follow.

1. WHEN HE DIED ON THE MEXICAN BORDER

Dedicated to the Memory of Kenneth W. Pickett

of Big Timber, Mont., member of Headquarters Company, Second Montana Infantry, who died on August 30, 1916, at Camp Harry Jones, Douglas, Arizona, from an illness contracted while performing his duty on the Mexican Border.

Not the rattle of the drum for him, not the piping of the fife,
Nor the bullets of the enemy, that took him from this life.
Let the music of his death be the tramp of marching men,
For the heart of Kenneth Pickett was as big as any ten.
Of his fortitude and patience, of his grit that never died,
Oh, Montana and Big Timber! You can think of him with pride.
Step by step, he took with others, here where men's souls live and die,
And his smile was always cheery, for his motto was, "I'll try."
Not for him the bugle blowing, as it called the men to arms,
Not for him the smoke of battle, with its brutal, crushing charms.
In this land he gave his all, midst the crisis and disorder;
Father, mother, sweetheart, friend--when he died here on the border.
We will miss him from among us, for he surely was a man,
But his spirit will be with us, always marching in the van.
We will hear his laugh a ringing, feel the pressure of his hand,
For we know that he died fighting, in the service of his land.
Not the rattle of the drum for him, nor the piping of the fife,
Not the bullets of the enemy, that took him from this life.
Let the music of his death be the tramp of marching men,
For the heart of Kenneth Pickett was as big as any ten.

2. ON THE WAY TO THE BORDER

Oh, it's nice to be a soldier, in the ranks of Uncle Sam,

A bloody, bloomin' soldier, who doesn't care a damn.

Not a soldier in the regulars, but in the volunteers;

One who listens to his country's call, and leaves his home in tears.

It's nice to hear them cheering, when the train goes through a town

That has builded in the sage brush, 'mongst a scene of sordid brown.

When we hear the natives cheering, see the "Chickens" waving flags,

Have the Dollies stuffing candy in our dirty khaki bags.

It's nice to eat the rations, that get scarcer every day,

As our train leaves old Montana, for the border state of A,

We have canned horse for luncheon, for breakfast and for tea;

The brute arrives so often, it makes me want to flee.

This morning we had jelly, which is very seldom seen.

I discovered mine by scouting; 'twas hiding neath a bean.

Last night as I was sleeping, I dreamed a funny dream;

I thought that I was eating peaches sliced with cold ice cream.

I had a juicy beefsteak, cut from a yearling cow

But just as I was cutting it, a rooky hollered "chow,"

I awakened from my slumber, which had been very brief,

To find my chunk of canned horse had been taken by a thief.

I won't say that I was hungry, 'cause it sure would sound like hell,

But the names I called that rooky, well, I simply cannot tell.

But it's nice to be a soldier, in the ranks of Uncle Sam,

If you aren't too particular, and don't give a tinker's dam."

3. A ROOKIE'S LETTER HOME

Along the Mexican Border, August twenty-eight.

Dear Mother: I am writing, I know a trifle late,

But I have been so busy, with the Soldiers' daily grind

That I've neglected writing, but I know you will not mind.

When you've read what I am writing, you'll feel a whole lot better,

And I promise that hereafter, I will write a daily letter.

Tell Sis she wouldn't know me, since I left our little town,

For the sun has surely baked me, a most gorgeous golden brown,

Tell Dad if he could see me, he would never cuss me more,

For oversleeping mornings, or neglecting any chore.

Tell little brother Bennie, I've a pistol and a gun,

A really truly rifle, that wasn't made for fun.

Tell Hattie that I love her, when you see her, Mother dear,

That sleeping, drilling, working, I keep wishing she were here.

Tell Auntie that I thank her for the little wooden box,

The home-made jam and cookies, and the dozen knitted sox.

Tell Sis's fellow for me, if he wants to have some fun,

To join the U. S. army, and get himself a gun.

Tell Tom and Dick and Harry and strapping Jimmie Coots,

That the regiment is needing a thousand more recruits.

Just tell 'em what I'm writing, in this letter, dear, to you,

So that each and every one, will know just what we do.

At five a.m. the bugle blows, the call to rise and dress;

At five-fifteen the morning run, at six a. m. the mess.

Hot cakes and syrup, coffee, spuds, mush and bacon fried,

With sugar, milk and home baked bread to fill the space inside.

At half past six, Fatigue call sounds, the streets and tents are p'liced,

Then we drill for two long hours, before we are released.

From nine a.m. 'till three p.m., we sleep and write and read.

Then drill again, dear mother, for it's drilling that we need.

The Post Exchange supplies our wants with almost anything,

We've a big brown tent and organ where we can go and sing.

We can get a pass to go to town, 'most any time we wish,
We've everything we want to eat, both plain and fancy dish.
We've a ball team, some boxing gloves, a wrestling match and craps,
We've each a little army cot, we sleep on after taps.
We've mess halls with mosquito net, and shower baths quite divine.
Oh! there's nothing, Mother, which we have that isn't extra fine,
We've clothes galore for every need; Sunday, work or play,
We've a colonel who's a dandy, and a day on which they pay.
We've a hundred things, dear Mother, that I haven't room to mention,
A hundred things, dear Mother, that require our close attention.
We are happy and we're healthy, and we're learning to be men,
Such a chance to get a schooling, we may never have again.
Oh! I miss you, Mother darling, but I'm happy and content,
With the hours and weeks we're spending in the regulation tent,
'Cause I know I need the schooling I may never get again,
The school that takes the weaklings, and makes them into men.
Now, Mother dear, I've written you, a letter that is long,
"Efficiency's" the title of our regimental song,
So I'll close with love and kisses, and heart that's full of joy,
And sign my name as always, 'Your Happy Soldier Boy.'"

4. THE DAILY DRILL OF THE ROOKIES; OR THE CAPTAIN'S LAMENT

I am the Captain of a company o'er which I rave and gloat
But showing rookies how to drill has almost got my goat.
At six a.m. the drill call sounds, the line is full of dents
Some are crawling into ranks, some sleeping in their tents.
The whistle blows, the Top roars out "Attention men in ranks"
The men are grumbling in the line, the officers are cranks.
"Right Dress" the order then is yelled, some men they can't see straight,
The line looks like the pickets on a broken wooden gate.
Its Jones step out, and Smith get back and Dobson lift your head
And Corporal Jimmy Dodgers you stand like you were dead.
"Inspection Arms" the order comes, the bolts they click and rattle
They sound just like a bum stenog, or Villa's men in battle.

"Heads Up"--"Eyes Front"--Now stand that way, and Johnson stop your talk
"Right Face," "Forward March" I say, for Mike's sake learn to walk.
"Column Right," the order comes, damn it watch your step,
You're not marching at a funeral, so fill yourselves with pep.
"Squads left about" and "Right Oblique" Ye Gods you're sure a show
You turn the corners like a wheel, you're rotten and you're slow.
"Company Halt" "Right Shoulder Arms," please do it with a snap,
Confound you Sergeant Billy, you haven't time to gap.
Thus it goes day by day, when rookies learn to drill,
If you're Captain of a company, you sure will get your fill.

5. WHAT A ROOKIE THOUGHT OF BORDER DUTY

This is the song of a rookie, as he sits on the border alone,
On the dark, damp nights, when the hot slag lights roll down from the smelter zone,
When it's sultry and warm, while mosquitos swarm and buzz with an angry tone.
I'm one of Uncle Sam's soldiers, but simply a volunteer,
I came with the Second, when grim duty beckoned, thus I am here.
Here where you stifle, holding a rifle, under the blazing sun,
Here where you pray, day after day, for a little Mexican fun.
Out on the Mexican border, after the sun's gone down,
Thinking of fights and watching the lights, that twinkle in Douglas town.
Walking your post at midnight, strolling along at your ease,
All of your hair in erection, a weakness in both of your knees.
Ever alert for a Greaser, watching the shadows flit by,
Falling flat on your stomach, when the hot slag brightens the sky,
Glueing your eyes to the glasses, cursing the flaw and the fault,
Hearing far in the distance, the sentry on guard holler "Halt!"
Trying to sleep in the guard tent, trying by closing your eyes,
Fighting the gnats and mosquitoes, swatting the pesky flies,
Out on the Mexican border, scarcely a mile from camp,
Out where the whirr of a rattler, makes all of your body damp.
Post No. 3 on the border, where you have a view of the town,
Scorching, blistering sunshine that bakes you a golden brown.
Canteens half full of water, water that's limpid and glugs,
Watching a column of red ants, skirmishing after bugs.

Bugs of every description, variety, color and kind,
Some with two legs on the front end, others with several behind;
Tarantulas, lizards and beetles, that fly and walk and crawl,
Bugs with a poisonous stinger that look like a carpenter's awl.
This is the song of a rookie who walked the border alone
In the bright moonlight, spilin' for a fight with Senor Villa Antone
While the senators home, 'neath the capitol dome, picked the International Bone.

6. IMPRESSIONS OF A FEW DAYS ON THE MEXICAN BORDER

Turmoil, confusion, things all upset,
Wind storms and thunder, rain that is wet,
Sand and red dobie, sun burning hot,
The whole commissary tied in a knot.

Canned milk a-boiling out in the sun,
Corned beef a cooking 'til it is done,
Bread that is baking without any fire,
The grub that is spoiling rouses our ire.

Water in pipes that is really luke warm,
Red ants by thousands constantly swarm,
Typhoid injections, ten thousand germs,
Language by non-coms, any old terms.

Smoke from the smelter tries us to choke,
Gases of arsenic born of coke,
Two kinds of cactus, plenty of thorns,
Twenty-two buglers blowing their horns.

Thirty-two sick men lying in bed,
Sweating and groaning, with pains in their head,
Rookies complaining about the chow,
Wishing for eggs and milk from a cow.

Mess kits and rifles all in disorder,
One German rookie crossing the border.
Men in tents sing "Tipperary,"
Mexican bones all over the prairie.

Special detail for the men in the squads,
Blankets and ponchos rolled up in wads,
Cartridges issued, one bandolier,
Some of the rookies feeling quite queer.

Beautiful shower bath once every day,
Plenty of ticks, shortage of hay,
Jitney trolleys that take you to town,
Root beer in schooners, bright sparkling brown.

Mexican peons riding on mules,
Wise men and soldiers, soldiers and fools,
Everything gradually getting in order,
Here where we're camped on the Mexican border.

7. THE WOMAN AND THE ROOKIE

The rookie was tired of camp life, as he sat in the first squad tent
His hat was tilted sideways and his back and his knees were bent,
So the Captain passing, took pity and gave him a pass to go,
For a few short hours, to civilized bowers, to walk on the Alamo.

He put on his brand new leggins, his tie and his tailored blouse.
And said good-bye to the Captain, as he passed by the old guard house.
His fellow rookies in misery cursed as he started to go,
To the bright wide streets of the city, where schooners of root beer flow.

Oh, the feeling that filled the rookie, whose face was a sunburned brown,
As he boarded the jitney trolley and started to ride to town,
Was one that he long remembered, one he could never forget,
A joyous, satisfied feeling that moistened his eyes with wet.

He called at the House of Welcome where the lights were burning bright,
Called with three other rookies, on that long remembered night,
And there he met one Woman, a girl in a thousand I guess,
She asked him a hundred questions and he answered them all with a yes.

Then she said "Let's move to the outside and sit where it's dark and cool,
And I'll tell you the dream of my lifetime, the one where I'm teaching school."
So they went from the room of brightness, to the cool dark porch outside,
And the Woman she told the rookie many things as he sat by her side.

Told him of foreign countries, the Isles of the Philippine,
Told him of rain and sunshine and other things she had seen,
Told him about her Daddy who rode into Mexico,
Wonderful things she told him, things that were really so.

The rookie sat by the woman, there on the dark cool porch,
There where the heat of their friendship had'nt a chance to scorch,
And she told him about her childhood, her life and the after years,
'Till her eyes and those of the rookie were filled with genuine tears.

Oh, the woman she talked to the rookie in a very wonderful way,
Not as a total stranger she had known the part of a day,
But as one she had known for ages, numbered by many years,
A friend of the past and the future, thus destroying his fears.

Fears of a brutal environment, where men's hopes slowly die,
Fear of the ignorant mortal, who crawls beneath the sky,
Fear of the backward sliding on the slippery hill of Hate,
Fear of the shackles welded by the grim sure hand of Fate.

She spoke of Wilson as president, of the things he never had done,
How he let the Mexican Villa murder our men for fun,
How the orders issued from Washington were not what they ought to be,
Oh, she opened the eyes of the rookie and made him correctly see.

She was a wonderful woman and he was a common man,
She was a soldier's daughter, he of the Roving clan,
Her life had been spent with the army practically all of her years,
And his had been spent in the big world in the Valley of Strife and Tears.

But the few hours spent with the Woman that night when the rookie called,
Were the happiest spent in ages, for the army fetters galled,
They made the burden more easy and lifted him out of the hole,
That was dark, and deep and bottomless, a trap for the rookie's soul.

They made him contented with camp life and his cot in the first squad tent,
Took the kink from out of his shoulders and straightened his legs that were bent,
Made his soul a beautiful image instead of a sordid clod,
And brought him back to his real self and made him believe in God.

8. DID YOU EVER DO THE THINGS WE DO UPON THE BORDER?

Did you ever eat your dinner when the rain was pouring down,
Sitting on the dobie that was wet and sticky brown,
With your mind upon a cafe in a thriving northern town,
While the non-coms watched you eating with a military frown?

No? Well we have to do this thing right here upon the Border.

Did you ever have a non-com with two stripes upon his arm,
Giving orders to the rookies like a silly young school-marm,
One who ought to be a working on his uncle's dairy farm,
Far away from greaser bullets that would cause him any harm?

No? Well we have to do this thing right here upon the Border.

Did you ever try to slumber on a strawless cotton tick,
On a damp and dirty dobie floor that almost made you sick,
Where the bloody, bloomin', pesky ants were crawling very thick,
And the only decoration was a regulation pick?

No? Well we have to do this thing right here upon the Border.

Did you ever have to dig a ditch to hold the surplus rain,
Make the water run up hill and then run down again,
Dig until your aching back was yelling loud with pain,
And the typhoid in your punctured arm was swelling up a vein?

No? Well we have to do this thing right here upon the Border.

Did you ever have to get a pass to take a nice clean bath,
Get a pass to leave the camp and walk the narrow path,
Or get a pass to do a thing that's always aftermath,
And brave, if you are passless, the major's awful wrath.

No? Well we have to do this thing right here upon the Border.

Did you ever live within a camp where everything's upset,
Where the wind is always windy and the rain is always wet,
Where everything is tangled in a big official net,
Where we always will remember the things we can't forget?

No? Well we have to do this thing right here upon the Border.

Oh, the nevers that you've never had to do
May sound as if they weren't really true,
But honest, what I've wrote,
Would get a captain's goat,
If he was made to do the things we have to do.

But down here on the border,
'Mongst the turmoil and disorder,
Where old Villa killed some greasers last November,
We are being schooled and drilled,
And our minds are being filled,
With the evers that we always will remember.

9. TARGET PRACTICE

Ever lie upon your belly with some other soldier pards,
Where the distance to the targets was just two hundred yards,
When the sun was shining brightly with a tantalizing glare,
And the dust was floating thickly in the heavy laden air?

Ever listen to the bullet with it's whining, singing kiss,
Then have the chump who's scoring call your shot a perfect miss,
Ever try for ten straight bullseyes, what they call a perfect score,
And find when you had finished, eight twos, a three and four?

Ever lie upon your stomach in a rocky sandy hole,
With your eyes upon the target and the markers shifting pole,
With your sights a holding windage and the sling about your arm,
While your mind was wandering homeward to a little dairy farm?

Ever bring your eyes to focus on the little spot of black,
With your elbow on a pebble and kink within your back,
With your finger on the trigger and your shoulder on the stock,
While all your thots were dreading the recoils awful shock?

Ever shoot at number seven when you should have shot at eight,
Then swear your bloomin' rifle never shot a bullet straight,
Ever shoot a string of bullets when you couldn't qualify,
And blame your awful shooting on a defect in your eye?

Ever keep right on a shooting when the bugle blew "cease Fire";
And have the Major bawl you out with wrath and awful ire,
Ever shoot your string a standing when your nerves were all awry,
And a blurr was creeping slowly o'er your aching painful eye?

When your weak and limpid finger lacked the strength to pull the trigger,
And you wished the little bull's eye, was bigger, bigger, bigger;
When the firing of the rifles made your ear drums fairly split,
And you knew without your shooting you could never make a hit?

Ever ricochett a bullet from a pebble off the ground,
'Till it struck a perfect bullseye when it made a quick rebound,
Ever kneel with twenty others at two hundred rapid fire,
And pray like seven angels that your arms would never tire?

Ever hear the Major holler--"Get ready, load your guns,"
And watch the targets dancing like a bunch of shaking suns,
Ever make two bullseyes running, then miss the target clean,
'Cause your arms and legs were wabbling like a Mexicana Queen?

Ever flinch when you were shooting and bump your bloomin' nose,
While the recoil of your rifle spoiled your perfect shooting pose,
Ever shoot the range for record and fail to qualify,
'Cause the shots that you were shooting were a foot or so too high?

Ever try for Expert Rifleman, and when all your shots were shot,
Find that Marksman at one-sixty was all the prize you got,
Ever shoot like Wm. Cody from his seat upon a mount,
And find that when you'd finished that your Possible didn't count?

If you've never done these evers, why it's not so awful strange,
'Cause you've never spent a week upon the Target Range;
Never lived in pup tents and dined on Willie canned,
Never been upon the Border in the land that Villa banned.

10. THE WILD TURNIP EATERS

Remember the story has been told,
And magnified a thousand fold,
Concerning some rookies exceedingly bold,
Who ate of a root that knocked them cold.

When out on a hike the regiment went,
Deserted the camp and vacated tent,
Six or eight hours in marching spent,
'Till they reached the hills that were twisted and bent.

Wonderful hike the Colonel had planned,
As through his glasses the desert he scanned,
Where the bloody hot winds, scorched and fanned,
The coulees where cacti grows in the sand.

Out where the Spanish Bayonet grow,
Out where a sluggish brooklet flows,
Out on the hills where it never snows,
And the red hot wind forever blows.

"Get ready to march," the order came,
Private and Captain both the same,
Part of the big political game,
No one excused but the sick and the lame.

Food to be taken for every man,
Hauled in a wagon by mules a span,
Cooked in a monstrous kitchen pan,
And served to 'em all in a mess kit can.

Away from the camp the regiment swung,
While many a song the rookies sung,
Hard on the throat, the ear and the lung,
In civilized life they'd surely be hung.

A winding column of cotton O.D.
That from a distance was hard to see,
The Colonel a thousand men and me,
Out on the Mexican Bound-aree-.

Twenty-two miles from camp we stopped,
Pup tents pitched the regiment flopped,
While the Colonel the sweat from his face just mopped,
As the big red sun the lime hills topped.

Oh, a wonderful place we choose for a camp,
Where the wind was windy and the rain was damp,
Where the smelter smoke came down like a clamp,
And smothered the flame in the kitchen lamp.

Now this is a tale of the wild turnip squad,
Not of a country forgotten by God,
Where the brown grass bakes in the dobie sod,
And the soul of a man becomes a clod.

It appears where the sluggish brooklets flow,
A specie of turnip is wont to grow,
The mescal turnip if you all must know,
The eating of which makes a man loco.

Not only loco but awfully sick,
In a horrible manner and awfully quick,
It hits like a mule is wont to kick,
And you take the count while the watches tick.

Thus it was on the camping ground,
While some curious rookies were snooping around,
This poisonous root was duly found,
And eaten in pieces from an ounce to a pound.

Just think of them eating this nauseous weed,
Bucking the unwritten law and the creed,
Where all vegetation, trees, bushes and seed,
Hold poisons that none of their systems need.

Digging a root from out of the soil,
Where poisons simmer and bubble and boil,
Where deadly rattlers sleep in a coil,
And the thorns of the mesquite is nature's foil.

Eating this root like a famished horde,
Not men who were fed on the government board,
Men who had studied and believed in the Lord,
Is it any wonder they all were floored?

Grovelling around in the dirt and sand,
Sick at the stomach, and weak in the hand,
Cussing the root, the hike and the land,
Damning the root to beat the band.

"Wild Turnip," said one was the name of the thing,
As he passed the pieces around the ring,
And watched them eat as they started to sing,
Of the glorious future the years would bring.

Some in a minute, some in an hour,
Were made deathly sick by the poisonous power,
While the spirit of death, commenced to tower,
And withdraw life from the rookies dower.

"Assinine ignorance," said Major Riddell,
Why it certainly beats all the hinges of Hell,
How a damn fool who is healthy and well,
Could claim that he had an ounce of brain cell.

Now I've told you about these poor galoots,
Who fell by the road side dressed in their boots,
How most of them thot they were shooting the shoots,
When the poison had gripped them that grows in the roots.

How back to the camp they staggered that night,
Ejecting their suppers and pulling belts tight,
Some of them green and some of them white,
But not one amongst them ready to fight.

How the Major in front of the hospital ward,
Castor oil in their systems in large doses poured,
While their thots to the heights of ridicule soared,
And they swore they'd be satisfied with Govt. board.

Now this is a tale with a moral forsooth,
Everything written the absolute truth,
Some things that are chewed in the mouth by the tooth,
Will often destroy the fountains of youth.

11. CAMP RUMORS

You could hear them on the p'rade grounds,	Rumors of old Villa,
You could hear them in your tent,	Who had killed a thousand men,
You would hear the darndest rumors,	Rumors of the orders,
'Most any place you went.	That would take us home again.

Rumors of injections,
For every known ill,
Rumors 'bout the mess hall,
That were very hard to kill.

Rumors of the rookie,
Who beat it o'er the hill,
Oh, of rumors on the Border,
We surely had our fill.

There were rumors 'bout the Colonel,
The Majors and the cooks,
The damndest bunch of rumors,
That would fill ten thousand books.

Why it was even rumored,
In our camp, that I had wrote,
That the man who was our president,
Would never write another note.

12. THE SUNNY SIDE OF SOLDIER LIFE

I have written of this soldier life, in a darn sarcastic way,
The drill and work I've raved about, and overlooked the play,
The sombre side, the dreary side, I've headlined in my verse,
Some things I've painted awfully bad and others simply worse.

With grouch and eyesight very dim, I've felt obnoxious stings,
I've written with a humor that destroys the joy in things,
Kitchen Police--Fatigue Call--discomforts of the mess,
I've hit them all a wallop and rumbled up their dress.

The non-commissioned officers have made my dander boil,
Because of orders issued that produced a dearth of toil.
The Captain and Lieutenant have been cussed and also damned,
And the regiment, from soup to nuts, I've very meanly slammed.

But, I've overlooked the joyful side, when scribbling down my muse
And have written of discomforts that would give a man the blues.
But now I'm going to cut it with this pencilonian knife,
And tell you of the sunny things in Mr. Rookie's life.

There's the ball game on the p'rade grounds, just behind the Major's tent.
There's the fun you have each pay day and the money to be spent.
There's a kangarooing courthouse with a Rookie as a judge,
And the box of home-made plunder, full of cake and chocolate fudge.

There's the movie with its pictures, when to town you get a pass,
There's the smiling jolly features of your best beloved lass,
There's the wrestling match and boxing, the bloomin' game of craps,
And the cot that's made of canvas, where you mooch some pleasant naps.

There's the singing in the squad tents, when the rookies get together,
There's the hours we spend in loafing, when its wet and rainy weather,
There's the canteen with its candy and its sparkling cold root beer,
Its cigarettes and souvenirs and other things that cheer.

There's the chaplain and the service, he holds each Sunday morn,
There's the dandy Sunday dinner--chicken fricaseed--and corn,
There's the fellow with the camera who snaps you when you're dressed,
And the pictures in your album, of the ones you love the best.

Now I've told you of the sunny things in every soldier's life,
I've written naught of trouble, or of regimental strife,
And every word I've written is absolutely true,
The sunny things are many 'mongst the things we have to do.

13. OUR SOLDIER CHAPLAINS

Men of the army--listen--you, who are far from home,
Hark to what I have written, in this crudely worded poem.
Listen to what I have written, concerning a few brave men,
Who fight life's wonderful battles, with a prayer and a solemn amen.
These are our chaplain soldiers, who answered the Border call.
Who came with you men to the border leaving their homes and all,
Men, whose religious teachings, concerning the Christ and Lord,
Were far removed from the army, with its rifle, bullets and sword.
Catholic, Protestant, Buddhist--regardless of class or creed,
Came with you men to the Border, because of your country's need.
Now listen, to what I tell you, impress it all on your mind,
Concerning these men, who are with us, men of a wonderful kind.
Remember the night you were thinking of the girl you had left at home,
The night that the blues were creeping and your feet were itching to roam--
The night you were cussing the army, and longing for home again.
The turbulent feeling of madness, the grief and the awful pain.
What happened, Oh, men of the army--when the army fetters galled?
Why you went from your tent in the darkness, and the army chaplain called.
He answered your call from the darkness, invited you into his tent,
And talked to you like a father, till all of your passions were spent.

He told you of Christ and his teachings, his wonderful gifts to men,
Till you went from his tent to your little brown cot, at peace with the world once again.
Now listen you men who are married, to the words I have written here.
Do you remember the night you were thinking of the wife and the babies dear--
When the awful hot day and the drilling, were filling your minds with gloom,
And the thoughts of the Mexican Villa were leading your souls to doom.
How you cursed and raved at the army, when you thought of the kiddies and wife,
And your mind was a seething maelstrom, and you dammed all the border strife.
Remember you men, who are married--the nights I am naming here--
When you left your tent in a temper, with a sordid thought and a fear,
A fear that Uncle Sam's army would cross the border some night,
And the wife and the kiddies waiting, would know that you'd died in the fight.
Remember--you men who are married, that night when your patience was spent,
Of the wonderful man, who soothed you as you sat with him in his tent.
The man of the God above you, the man who believes in the Lord,
The man who told you of Jesus, who carried a flaming sword.
That man was our army chaplain--a very wonderful man,
Who came with you men to the border, and joined your soldier clan.
The man, whom you all will remember, as the months and the years go by,
The man who filled you with comfort and wiped the tear from your eye.
Oh, men of the regular army, and men of the volunteers,
Remember, your army chaplains, in this Valley of Strife and Tears.
You've Colonels, and Majors and Captains, who drill you with iron in the rod,
But the man who will bring you the farthest, is the Chaplain soldier of God.

14. DEDICATED TO THE MEN OF THE NATIONAL GUARD

Wonderful men of the National guard, you who are going back,
Back to the states you came from, with never a chance to hack
A notch on your rifles or pistols, because of a Mexican shot,
Or a memory of quick forced marches thru the land God made and forgot.
'List to these words I have written, impress them all on your mind,
So when you are back in your home states, your thots of the border'll be kind.
For months you have been on the Border, 'midst the dust and the wind and the heat,
And you've drilled on the dusty P'rade ground, with an ache in your back and your feet
You've messed in the bloomin' mess hall, when the mess was as bitter as gall,
And you've messed on the red hot dobie, when there wasn't a building at all.

You've dug mesquite and cacti and thorns, and ditches and holes in the ground,
'Till the sound of the pick and the shovel, was a weird and a Hellish sound.
You've baked in the blistering sunshine, when doing your duty as guard,
While your thots were back in your home town, with the girl who had sent you a card
You've cussed the Colonel and Majors, the Captains and Lieutenants too,
And the things you have said of the president, were rabid and caustic and true.
You've taken the typhoid injections, had the vaccine scratched on your arm,
While you thot of the towns and the cities, the woods and the ocean and farm,
You've longed for the smell of the big woods, as you drilled in a dusty file
When the hot wind blew from the desert, and wiped from your faces a smile.
You've policed the kitchen and stables, have worked with an axe on the wood,
That was used in the stove in the kitchen, for cooking the Government food.
You've dined on the luscious corned Willjie, with hard tack and beans a la mode,
And packed in a stifling Pullman, two thousand miles you have rode.
You've hunted the bugs of the desert, like pirates who sought for a prize,
And for weeks you fought a real battle, with thousands and millions of flies.
Oh, the things that you did were distasteful, but regardless of all that you spurned,
Every man who has been to the Border, a wonderful lesson has learned.
You have learned to be prompt and efficient, you have learned to do as you're told,
You've learned to obey every order, and the power of American gold.
You have learned of the man who is President, the man of them all who's to blame,
For keeping you men on the Border, to help the political game.
Now men of the National Guard, you who are going back,
To the towns and cities you came from, with rifles and full marching pack;
Remember you're only a unit, just one of the soldier clan,
No longer a boy or a weakling, but a first class soldier and man.
Remember these things I have written, that have caused you oodles of pain,
But forget them all when your Uncle, Sammy Long Legs needs you again.
So here's to you men of the National Guard, whom I came to the Border with,
You've established a place on the Border, that's real and not merely a myth.
You've grumbled and growled in the service, you've hollered with voices quite loud,
But each of your states that sent you, will feel of you all very proud.
Not only your states, but your country, and Europe and all of the world,
Will remember you men of the National Guard, who onto the Border were hurled.
So here's wishing you luck on the journey, that's taking you home once again,
You're a Hell raising bunch of good fellows, and every Damn one of you're men.

15. BUGS

"Bugs of every description
Variety, color and kind,
Some with two legs on the front end,
Others with several behind;
Tarantulas, lizards and beetles,
That fly and walk and crawl,
Bugs with a poisonous stinger,
That look like a carpenter's awl."

16. SONG OF THE HUMAN TOOTHPICK-- "GODS UNFINISHED LAND"

The scorching sunsets burning hot,
The deserts drifting sand,
The stifling tent, the canvas cot,
The ghosts of Villas band.

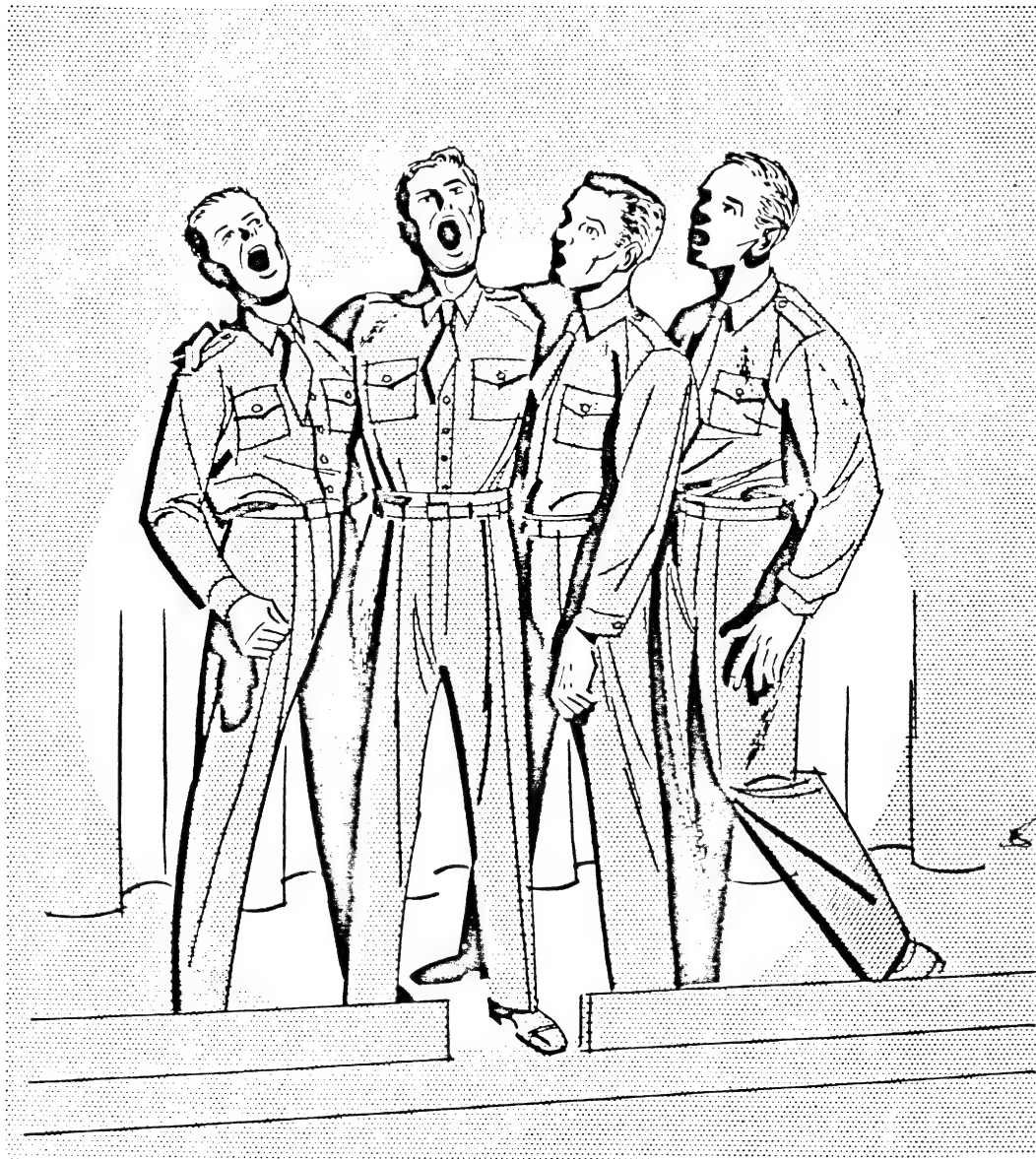
The awful sunsets come and go,
The buzzards soar on high,
The thunder clouds a'rolling slow,
The lightning fills the sky.

Outlined against the pale moonlight
Gaunt hills of Mexico,
Then daylight chases way the night,
And things move to and fro.

O! awful land. O! burning sand,
That fills my soul with glee (?)
I hold my pencil in my hand
And write this mel-o-dee.

I watch the soldiers as they drill,
More daily I grow gaunt,
I do some things against my will,
Do others 'cause I want.

This is the song of the human toothpick,
As he sits in his tent alone,
On the dark damp nights when the
Mexican fights, for the international bone,
And its damnably hot, a hundred, Mein Gott
Here in the border zone.



S O N G S F O R

QUARTET & CHORUS

This page borrowed from the Army-Air Force SONG BOOK (Melody
Edition) 1957

SOLDIER SONGS AND BALLADS PRODUCED DURING THE MEXICAN BORDER CONFLICT *

Note: Every War or near-war is almost certain to produce its own "War Songs".

17. The Literary Digest for July 15, 1916, states that only the other day an Officer at Ft. Sam Houston, Texas, composed the following verse to be sung to the tune "I'm On My Way To Mandalay":

"I've got to go to Mexico, For Fightin' Freddie says its so; (Gen. F. Funston)
I've got to fight with all my might, So the Stars and Stripes may blow.
Look Out, Villa, for I wouldn't be ya, When the boys see ya. That's why
I've got to go to Mexico; I'm going to say Good-bye."

18. The following verse is found on p. 109 of "The Coyotes: A History of the So. Dakota N.G." by Lt. Col. Richard Cropp, Ret.

PANCHO VILLA

- (a) One thing makes me laugh most hearty, Pancho Villa with no shirt on;
See the Carranzistas beat it, Now the Villa's men are coming.

CHORUS:

La cucaracha, la cucaracha, Porque no tienes,
Porque le falta, Maryuana que fumar.

- (b) When a fellow loves a maiden, and the maiden doesn't love him-
Its the same as when a bald man, Finds a COMB upon the highway.

CHORUS:

- (c) All the maidens are of pure gold, All the married girls are silver;
All the widows are of Copper, and old women merely tin.

CHORUS:

- (d) There's no better friend than God, This is clear past all denying;
The dearest may betray--The most truthful may be lying.

CHORUS:

- (e) All the girls of Mexico, Are as pretty as a flower;
La cucaracha, la cucaracha, Doesn't want to travel on.

CHORUS:

19. Private Jack Reed, Co. B, 5th Ohio Infantry, penned a Mexican Border song to the tune of "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp". The chorus went as follows:

"Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the boys are marching,
Again we're on our way to Mexico;
And we're going to fight for Right,
For we haven't quite forgot the ALAMO."

* Researched and compiled by Moses N. Thisted, National Historian, Mexican Border Veterans, Inc., 470 Walnut St., Hemet, California 92343.

20. A trooper of the 'Black Tenth' U.S. Cavalry in Mexico with Pershing composed the following verse - as sung by the 24th M.G. Co.:

"Fust yo' take yo' rifle, and den yo' take yo' pack,
An yo' hike across de fields and presume yo' comin' back:
Skirmish to de left and skirmish to de right,
An' mak' all de motions and presume yo' goin' to fight;
Den yo' gets a shovel an' a big ole pick,
An' spend de afternoon makin' dobe brick;
Very nex' morning its de same ole thing,
An' yo' got seven yeahs to do it in."

21. An unknown composer penned the following:

Oh, the dirty little Adjutant's the worst one of them all,
He has you on the Parade ground to answer every Call;
And, if you are not steady at Dress parade or drill,
OH, its "Sergeant, do your duty. Shove this rookie in the Mill."

When the 1st Squadron Utah Cavalry and the 2nd Squadron Utah Cavalry entrained at Ft. Douglas, Utah, on July 7th and July 14th, respectively, for their Border Station at Nogales, Arizona, they were heard singing the following songs: The Girl I Left Behind Me; Yankee Doodle; Tramp, Tramp, Tramp; Goodbye Little Girl; We Don't Know Where We're Going, But We're on Our Way.

DOUGHBOYS VS CAVALRYMEN

22. Although little singing is done on the March by the Regulars deep in Mexico (contrary to the encouragement of singing by Officers of the Wisconsin Guardsmen while on a hike or extended march) the Doughboys around the camp of General Pershing Hqts near Colonia Dublin, were heard chorusing their own praises at a so-called 'vaudeville evening' arranged by the five Chaplains of the Expedition. The following was sung to the tune of "IT AIN'T GOING TO RAIN NO MORE":

"The Cal-vreeman rides a big black horse, That carries him to Fame;
The Dough-boy has no horse at all, But gets there just the same.

WHAT?

Yes, gets there just the same, boys, He gets there just the same;
The Doughboy, he ain't got no horse, But gets there just the same."

MEXICAN BORDER MEDLEY

of the Eighteenth U.S. Infantry

23. The 18th U.S. Infantry, which had left its permanent stations in the North, was sent to the Mexican Border in 1916 and spent months of weary waiting at Douglas, Arizona, for Gen. Pershing to bring the regulars into Mexico to bolster the American forces there. While vainly waiting, groups of Officers could be heard singing the following mournful words:

"Bring the wagon home, John, it will not hold us all;
We used to ride around in it when you and I were small.
Bring the wagon home, John, it will not hold us all:
We used to ride around in it when you and I were small.
Send the Eighteenth home, John, they're waiting for Recall;
You ruled them out of problem 3, they had no chance at all.
You saw a troop of horse, John, this troop was all alone;
They shot up two Battalions, so send the Eighteenth home.
'Til the valley of Custer, where oft we did muster,
A little log cabin, a green sunny sward;
'Tis the valley of Custer, with its graves in a cluster,
And we drank to the brave from a soldier's canteen."

Source: Dolph's Sound Off, p. 558.

COMPANY A RECALLS MEXICAN BORDER TRAINING

24. Captain John C. Fritschler, 120th F.A. Wisconsin N.G., provided Sound Off with the following verse first sung by a couple buglers, Butters and Johnson, of Co. A, 121st M.G. B'n., 32nd Division, and the "one, nine, one six" refers to their Mexican Border service in 1916 with the Wisconsin Guardsmen at Camp Wilson, Ft. Sam Houston, Texas.

"Company A, old battling Company A, Company A you're here to stay.
You're in a worse sort of fix, than you were in 1916 (one, nine, one six).
But we are ready to mix and chase the Kaiser, Back to his Waterloo.
Company A, old battling Company, Company A; It's up to you. What will you do?
Kill the Kaiser and his whole damn crew,
And make your mothers all feel proud of you. Company A, it's time to do
your bit."

From Sound Off, p. 166

25. The favorite song sung by Wisconsin Troops on the march was, of course:

ON WISCONSIN

"On Wisconsin, On Wisconsin, Plunge right thru that line,
Run that ball clear 'round Chicago, Touchdown sure this time; etc."

26. While Editor of the MBV Bugle, National Emeritus Adjutant and Quartermaster Albert A. Turek of Speedway, Indiana, inserted in the Bugle the following verse and chorus which he conceded was pilfered from a defunct publication: (What is the connection with the Mexican Border, Al?)

EIN HISTORICKER-VERSEN MEIN GROSSFADER MAKEN

DAS TEA PARTY

"Der tea been arriven mit taxen geloaden,
Und Bostoner folkers ben sooner exploden;
Mit painten der facers, das angrischer groupen,
Ben maken der tea in der harbor, mit whoopen.

Chorus:

Mitouten ein doubten, der tea ist ben wasten,
Mit polluten wasser und saltischer tasten."

27. The BUGLER of Oct. & Nov. 1964, reproduced the following poem (or song) composed by Corporal S. A. "Jack" Howard of the U. S. Army while stationed on the Mexican Border at Fort Bliss, Texas:

MY THREE YEARS ON THE MEXICAN BORDER 1914-1917

"Down on the Mexican Border, On the silver Rio Grande;
Where the Chapperal sings in the sage-brush,
And the Cactus grows rank in the Sand.
Where Men wear chaps for breeches, flannel shirts and Stetson hats;
Where ground-squirrels talk Spanish, to the leather-winged Bats.
Where the Lobo feeds on the long-horned Texas Steer,
Where the Howl of the Coyote was Music to my ear.
I would wake-up in the morning with Sand in my shoes,
But the Sand in my Mess-Kit gave me the Home-sickness Blues,
My Coffee was O.D. water, My Beans was full of Sand,
That's my Three Years on the Border, and the Silver Rio Grande."

28. There were 20 Regiments of Regular Army Infantry along the Mexican Border or in Mexico with General Pershing on June 19, 1916, so it would be difficult to credit the following Parody to any Regiment:

THE FIGHTING INFANTRY
(A Parody on Old King Cole)

"Old King Cole was a merry old soul, and a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his Privates three."

Chorus:

Beer, beer, beer, said the Privates, 'Merry men are we,
There's none so fair as can compare, With the FIGHTING INFANTRY.'

"Old King Cole was a merry old soul, and a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his Corp'rals three."

Chorus:

'One, two, one two, one, 'said the Corp'rals, Merry men are we,
'There's none so fair as can compare, With the FIGHTING INFANTRY.'

29. Howard E. Stanley of "F" Troop, 13th U. S. Cavalry, while deep in Chihuahua in Pershing's Expedition composed the following ballad while imagining his return to Chihuahua in the year 2016 (100th Anniversary):

THE 13TH U. S. CAVALRY IN OLD CHIHUAHUA

Through the mesquite in old Chihuahua, Aimlessly one day I strode;
Till I chanced upon a figure, Standing silent in the road.
Such an odd, ungainly figure, I stopped, then staggered back;
Thinking it an ancient Spirit, That had wandered from it's track.

A campaign hat was on his head, With strap beneath his chin;
On his legs some battered leggins, And his shoes were old and thin.
On his shoulders was a musket, Red with the rust of years;
Like himself, the whole equipment, Seemed to justify my fears.

What masquerade is this, I said, Though my breath came quick and short;
Then he, from force of habit, Brought his rifle to a port.
Long years ago, he answered, In a mild and patient tone;
There was trouble in Chihuahua, Where Villa used to roam.

When I left the States for Mexico, With the Regular Cavalry;
We numbered several thousand, Young, healthy, strong and free.
All the others-they are sleeping, On the hillside over there;
Far from home and loving kindness, And their native country dear.
Perhaps twenty died from Sickness, Victims of the fever' rage,
Or amoebic dysentery, All the rest from ripe old age.
I'm the last of all these thousands, Thru this place I still must roam;
Waiting for expected orders, WELCOME ORDERS TO GO HOME.

30. Charles F. Jurries, 413 S. 16th St., Herrin, Ill., who was on the Border in the M.G. Company, 4th South Dakota Infantry, on May 29, 1974, sent the following verse sung by his outfit to the tune: "When You Wore a Tulip":

SOUTH DAKOTA HEADS FOR TEXAS

We started down to Texas about one year ago, The papers told us so;
Right into Mexico to make the Mexicanos tame,
And bring good old South Dakota to its fame.
We dug all the ditches, and built all the bridges;
We got mud on our fighting clothes,
Altho' we got tired, but couldn't get fired,
Oh, what misery no one knows.

31. Captain Herbert C. Hittel of Staten Island, New York, sent the following verse which was the "Song of the 1st New York Cavalry Regiment 1916":

OH, THE CAVALRY, THE CAVALRY

Oh, the Cavalry, the Cavalry, That's the place to be;
With a good old scout beside us, We care not betide us.
And we don't give a Damn, For any old man,
Who is not in the Cavalry. Yippee.

32. Colonel William F. Britten, Ret., from El Paso sends the following Marching Song of the 23rd New York Infantry stationed at Pharr, Texas, in 1916.
The tune is, of course, "America, I Love You."

THE TWENTY THIRD INFANTRY FROM BROOKLYN

You Mexican guerillas, we're hot upon your trail;
From border to border, when we get the order,
We'll get you, we never fail; We'll chase you thru the mountains,
And we will keep our word, For we are the boys from Brooklyn
And all members of the Twenty-Third.

And of course you know: When I get back from Mexico,
When I get back from War: The National Guard can go to Hell,
I'll re-enlist no more.
I'll take a bath and change my clothes, And truly by the Lord,
I will jump into a jitney bus and Vote for Henry Ford.

(Footnote: Colonel Britten, on 19 June 1916, was a Corporal in Co. "A",
23rd Infantry, New York National Guard, based in Brooklyn. "I was busted
later, but that's a different story."

33. Albert Turek of Speedway, Indiana, one of the builders of the Mexican
Border Veterans, Inc. and still active with the Indiana Patrols, sent
the Mexican version of the Pancho Villa Song. Song #18 is the English one.

THE PANCHO VILLA SONG

Una cosa me da risa, Pancho Villa sin caminar;
Ya se van los Carrancistas porque vienen los Villistas.

La cucaracha, La cucaracha, ya no puede caminar,
Porque no tiene, porque le falta, Marijuana que fumar.

34. Sung to the tune "MOTHER" found in "Border Memories". 1916 Mexican Border
Service, published by the Omaha Battalion, 4th Nebraska Infantry Regiment
while stationed at Llano Grande, Texas - cost 10 cents.

DETAIL

"D" is for the ditches we've been digging,
"E" is for the eats they sling at us;
"T" is for tarantulas, all fuzzy,
"A" is for the ants that make us cuss;
"I" is for the ice so long in coming,
"L" is for latrines we burn with hay -
Put them all together, they spell "DETAIL"
A word that sure means hell to us.

35. CASEY JONES ON THE BORDER
(A Parody on "Casey Jones")

By Ewing Lewis in the HOOSIER GUARD, an Indiana N.G. news sheet.

- a. Come on, you rookies, if you want to hear,
A story about a brave volunteer;
Casey Jones was the rooky's name,
And with bunk fatigue he won his fame.

Chorus:

Casey Jones - a devil with the women,
Casey Jones - never knew his peer;
Casey Jones - a devil with the women,
When the ladies needed loving, he was some volunteer.

- b. Wilson called the Guard one Sunday night,
And Casey, as usual, was pretty darn tight;
And he said, "Be jiggered, if I don't go
And save Uncle Sam from Mexico.
- c. They gave him a rifle and a little tin tag,
And he left boiled linen and the weekly jag;
They gave him to a sergeant who had hardboiled mitts,
And they sent him to a place where there wasn't any Schlitz.
- d. Casey was a flirt in his own home town,
And when he got to Texas he looked around
For a senorita that suited his taste,
With a raven wool and a shinola face.
- e. Casey saw a spick that was spic and span;
Beside her, Venus was an also-ran.
And this little spic wasn't one bit slow,
Though her dad and mammy came from Mexico.
- f. Casey was spooning one moonlight night,
Hands full of waist and all set tight;
When a senor with a knife and a wicked jib,
Eased the blade into Casey near the floating rib.
- g. Casey said just before he died;
I'm afraid to cross over to the other side,
After living on the Border I know darn well
I'll catch an awful cold when I go to Hell."

36. Submitted by Buck Meyers, Co. "M", York, Nebraska. May be sung to the tune: "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean" - no chorus.

DOWN ON THE RIO GRANDE

It is not midst the bullets fast flying
Nor battlefields strewn with the dead;
It is all in the love for the Colors
That flash in the sun overhead.
It is all in the heart of the soldier
Who beneath the old flag takes his stand,
And true to his country and comrades
Stands watch on the Rio Grande.

It is not in the shouting and tumult
That blazon the world's busy mart,
It is all in the love for the country
That fills each patriot heart;
It is not in the mouthings of speakers
Who prate of their love for our land,
But standing by flag and by comrades
Way down on the Rio Grande.

It is easy to cheer for the Colors,
Or stand when the trumpets sound clear.
It is different to shoulder a rifle
And answer the call with a "Here";
It is easy to talk of "tin soldiers"
Or sneer at the khaki-clad ranks,
But they are the lads with the colors
Down on the Rio Grande's banks.

The fires of the camp dimly burning,
The stars in the sky overhead,
The dreams of the loved ones behind us,
The prayers that our mothers have said;
The knowledge of duty performing
For God and for Country and right,
Bring peace to the heart of the soldier
In the long still hours of the night.

We have answered the Call and are ready
To follow the flag where it leads,
We are ready to fall in the fighting
In answer to Old Glory's needs;
The colors are lifted-we rallied
Where floats the old flag is our stand,
And watch for our Country we're keeping
Down on the Rio Grande.

37. Air "Hello, New York Town" - Words by Knowlton Durham in 1916:

HELLO, HELLO, SQUADRON "A"
(1st New York Cavalry)

July 6, 1916

Hello, Hello, Squadron "A"
We're going down to Mexico.
Everything down there is in a mess
And it's up to Uncle Sam, I guess.
So put on your breeches and your boots,
Bring along old Bessie* if you're sure she shoots.
Hurry, hurry, down this way-
Hello, Hello, Squadron "A".

December 15, 1916

Hello, Hello, Squadron "A"
We're going back to New York Town-
Everything up there is at its best
And we're going back to have a rest.
So take off your breeches and your boots,
Get out dinner coats and old dress suits-
Hurry, hurry, up this way-
Highballs-rolling-on Broadway.

*Bessie was the first machine gun issued to the Squadron "A" men.

38. The Detroit Free Press reports in its edition of June 24, 1916, that two Philadelphia girls composed a Mexican Border Ballad entitled:

FIGHTING FOR THE U.S.A.

Verse 1: Down on our Southern Border, the Land of the U.S.A.,
A bandit Villa murdered men, And then he ran away.
But Uncle Sammy sent his troops, And coward Pancho fled,
Now Uncle Sam is after him, To take him alive or dead.

Chorus: Oh, I want to go to Mexico, To fight for the U.S.A.,
My Uncle Sammy sends me there, To wipe blood stains away.
I want no intervention, But honor must hold sway,
So, I want to go to Mexico, To fight for the U.S.A.

Verse 2: I was not reared to be a soldier, I love to keep the Peace,
Yet if my country needs me, Its army to increase,
To the Recruiting Station, I'll quickly take my way,
Shoulder my knapsack and my gun, And fight for the U.S.A.

39.

ON THE TEXAS BORDER LINE
(Music--Old Fall River Line.)

Talk about the rattle of battle,
Sherman said that war was h___ you know,
Take a trip to Texas, on the border,
Down there near the Greasers of old Mexico.
Brave soldier lad, I thought I'd like to be,
But, oh, boys look at me.

On the Texas border line, on the Texas border line,
From early morn till evening, cutting cactus all the time.
We all came here to be heroes, and we might in '99;
All day long we bake, as manure we rake
On the Texas border line.

On the Texas border line, on the Texas border line,
When drilling every morn and eve, we surely do drill fine;
When the captain yells, "Right dress," Oh, what a crooked line.
He says, "As you were;" Some one yells, "What for?"
On the Texas border line.

On the Texas border line; on the Texas border line,
They slip you Old Corned Willie, and you think that it's fine
And you get such lovely water, that tastes like
unslacked lime,
You ask for better grub, then you are dubbed,
On the Texas border line.

On the Texas border line there is danger all the time,
While scouting with the Captain, we had an exciting time,
Surrounded by a hundred Mexicans, we beat them back fine:
Capt. said, "Shoot at will"; I said, "Which one is Bill?"
On the Texas border line.

On the Texas border line, on the Texas border line,
In the morn they feed you Force, and you work like
a horse;
Instead of drilling all the day, you dig trenches
and subways,
And it isn't fun to wait two months for mon
On the Texas border line.

On the Texas border line, where you are sick most of the time,
We have a lovely hospital where you are treated fine;
For a scratch, a kick, a bruise or cut
They paint you with Iodine,
No matter what your ills, you get O.D. pills
On the Texas border line.

On the Texas border line, last night I had a dream divine,
They fed us nice roast turkey and canvas duck so fine,
In a fast express you're homeward bound, you reach
New York on time,
You kiss Dad and Mother; just then you're waked by brother.
On the Texas border line.

---Private Stephen Scammacca
Battery "B," 2nd N.Y., F.A.

40.

I'VE DONE MY BIT ON THE BORDER
Capt. Graham, Co. "C," 3rd Iowa

I've done my bit on the border, I'm in God's country again,
I've had my fill of the border, Of Greasers and Border men,
I've eaten the dirt of Texas, I've drank of the Rio Grande,
I've grubbed mesquite in the cursed heat (The Lord never made the land).
I've seen all there is on the border, I've felt all there is to feel
I've done my time in a sea of slime, I've lost all they didn't steal.

I've carried a pack in a jungle, 'Till it cut me`down to the blood,
I've sweltered and lay like a thing of clay, In a slithering swamp of mud,
I've risen at five in the morning, At the sound of the reveille,
I've slaved all day for a newsboy's pay, "Till the night would set me free,
I've lived the life of a soldier, No chance, beat it; or shirk;
And the life of a soldier, believe me, Is little but damned hard work.

I've had my fill of the border, Of Greaser and Border men,
I've done my bit and I stand to quit, And never take on again.
But I seem to know when the bugles blow, And I hear the reveille,
That my blood will heat and my pulse beat, No matter where I be,
And I'll yearn to go with a burning yearn, That only a soldier feels,
To slave and sweat in the heat and wet, To straighten and click my heels,
But I've done my bit on the border, And now thank God I'm free,
Although I know when the bugles blow, They'll have a call for me.
From the trees to the rugs on the floor, I've dug in the blasted trenches,
The air was a hundred hells--I've charged in the jungle cactus,
To the music of rebel yells.

I've eaten the food of a soldier, Hardtack and Mulligan stew,
Bacon and beans--and a touch of greens, But Lord! they were scarce and few,
I've followed the flag of my country, In khaki and plain O.D.
And up to date I'm standing straight, In a way that is good to see.
I've done my bit on the Border, I've had my fill of the same,
But I wouldn't trade the friends I've made, For all I've lost in the game.

41. THE GUARDSMAN'S TOAST
By Chester B. Bahn, A.C. 4, N.Y. Div..

You've asked for a toast at this festive board,
A toast to the National Guard--
Well, I'll do my best to please you friends,
But some of my words may be hard.

I don't know just where to begin my tale
To you men who remain behind.
There's only one who can judge the worth
Of the many ties that bind.

You to your home, your work and family,

To your life of pleasure and ease--

I know it's hard to make the choice

When round about at your knees

Cling fast the two women whom you love best

Your mother and your children's too--

Yet this problem was solved ten thousand times

In a way other than did you.

But let's play the old game of make believe:

You answered when the call to arms

Swept over the proud land of Freedom's Own

Through hamlets small, big marts and farms.

You left your office, your fact'ry or plough

With these words ringing in your ears:

"We'll pay your sal'ry gladly, my man;

For your kith and kin have no fears."

So you hit the trail to the Borderland,

Rode on the ancient rolling stock,

Slept pillowed on the arm of a seat

As soft and downy as a rock.

You detrained in the darkest of the night,

Camped upon a wild cactus field,

Was roused up before the first peep of dawn--

Told that there were "spuds" to be peeled.

From mess to mess you scoured pans--then with

Pick axe and hoe cleared off a site

For your company street, tents and picket line,

Until once more the shroud of night

Fell like a mantle and then taking gun--

Unloaded, but that mattered not--

You tramped round and round the sentry's beat

For any Mexican a pot shot.

You roasted in the broiling mid-day sun,
And at night shivered with the ague,
While in between these pleasant pastimes
Enjoyed the Paratyphoid plague.

You lived on pork and beans and beans and pork
Corned beef, canned tongue and ice cold tea,
With salmon, stew, boarding house prunes,
To add to the life's gaiety,

You were chewed by horses, kicked by mules,
Bitten by scorpions, horned toads:
Fanged by rattlers, by tarantulas stung,
And mired in mudholes in the roads.

You lived on wild rumors when food ran short--
Reports that told of going home--
Only to have all your hopes hurtled down
As sea waves wash away surf foam.

You answered the sick call until you found
That it brought iodine and pills,
No matter if your 'plaint was broken bones,
Or just a case of common chills.

Disabled, you sought for compensation,
Then were told by your Uncle Sam
That the statute passed read "in time of war"
And didn't cover this bit of sham,

You did all of this for fifty cents per day,
When suddenly there came a crash--
Your employer for his dividend's sake
Cut off the promised weekly cash.

Your wife and children felt the pang of want,
And from want the pain of dire need--
Do you not think then you'd seek your pay
That fifteen per, with all speed.

You paid double the price for everything,
Each purchase you made meant more graft,
And what was left thieving Mexicans stole--
Do you wonder that some went daft?
And when you wrote of the life you led,
Those left at home just smiled a sneer:
Spoke plainly of a "yellow streak" or
Dropped hypocritically, a tear.
You asked for a toast and I've given it,
But after all is said or done,
Your heart itself will tell you who is the
Coward--you or the man with the gun.

42.

DREAMING DREAMS AND SEEING VISIONS

By Howard S. Smith

He wonders how it all would seem
To be in civilian clothes,
To take a stroll on nature's green.
Without telling where he goes.

And roll around upon a bed,
With a mattress and a spring,
And lay right there, and nothing said,
Nor told to do a thing.

Oh, wouldn't it be a wondrous sight,
To sit down at a regular feed
And have servants at our left and right,
To serve what we really need.

And when the eats and drinks are o'er
Leave the dishes where they lay
Get up and stroll around some more
And wait for another day.

When evening comes, go to a show
Or drink cocktails at the bar,
And something else--of course, you know,
And go home in your private car.

On Sunday night in a hammock swing,
With a girl--in peace sublime.--
Think of the pleasures the hours bring,
Can you imagine a better time?

But here he is under the Texas sun,
Is ordered around like no one alive;
He's hardly asleep when the next day is begun
And often wonders if he'll ever survive.

43.

"PASSING THE BUCK"

The Colonel tells the Major
When he wants something done,
And the Major tells the Captain
And gets him on the run.

The Captain thinks it over,
And to be sure and suit,
Passes the buck and baggage
To some shave-tail second "Lieut."

The second Lieutenant ponders
And strokes his downy jaw,
Then calls his trusty Sergeant
And to him lays down the law.

The Sergeant calls a Corporal
To see what he can see,
So the Corporal gets a Private,
And the poor darned Private's - ME.

44.

BUT THE COUNTRY'S SAFE

We left our happy friends and folk, to fight our country's foe,
We left money, business, friends behind, to go to Mexico.
We came down on the border line--we came with gun and packet,
We came through sand and mud and rain--we came 'mid awful racket!
But the country's safe!

We marched out in a sandy field, we stopped and stacked our arms--
Cut down cactus, sage-brush-stuff, that doesn't grow on farms.
We pitched our tents in awful wind, were blinded by the sand;
We worked out in a pouring rain that flooded all the land.

But the country's safe!

We worked around the camp that night 'tween hops and slips and hurdles;
And then we tried to sleep a while with ants, and flies and turtles.
We dug some holes, some holes and holes--we dug the company street;
We dug around the captain's tent and we never made a peep.

But the country's safe!

We keep a goat to eat up rubbish, for eggs we keep a pullet
We've got so tough we go on guard without a single bullet!
We go to bed at night at "taps" the stars are twinkling yet--
We wake up sore at reveille with clothes a-soaking wet.

But the country's safe!

We work damned hard in day time; we go on guard at night
We rifle practice next day and still we want to fight.
There is still some humor in this camp, we show it every day,
Because we talk of going home; we talk about some pay.

But the country's safe!

Well, we'll stand this stuff---we'll take the gaff
We'll work like Hell, and, by gum, laugh
We'll get in practice for this war
We'll fight as well as those before.
We'll "get hardened" through and through
To whip the Mex, and the Germans, too.
We'll do all this for home-folk's sake,
We'll do it well-so the country's safe!

45.

A LONG WAY FROM HOME

A man was born of a woman, A soldier for to be,
Born of misfortune, of high And low degree.
At guard mount or drilling, He's never at his ease,
He has so many officers, He don't know who to please.

Home, boys, home! It's home we ought to be.
Home, boys, home, In our good old country
Where thrive the ash and the oak, And the brawny willow tree.
And we haven't any cactus, To clean in our city.

Early in the morning, If you should fall ill,
They'll fetch you to the doctor, To get a quinine pill.
If it was to kill you, They wouldn't care a d---
The doctor did his duty, You belong to Uncle Sam.

Now, I'm in the guard house, Awaiting my discharge,
To h--- with all the officers, The provost and the guard.
When I get back to home, I'll be as happy as I can,
And I'll tell them of the sights, I've seen among the Mexicans.

A Veteran

46. RECALL TALE ABOUT CAPT. EMIL MARTIN, WHO SOUGHT RECRUITS---

Guy Bennett of Kokomo, uncle of Commander Clarence Hayes of the Gen. Wm. Kenner Patrol of Kokomo, gave the state commander the following writeup printed in the Kokomo Dispatch in 1916:

Back in 1916 Captain Emil Martin, a local undertaker, advertised in the local newspapers for recruits for the Kokomo National Guard unit to fill up the ranks to full strength. C. H. "Goof" Havens, then editor and columnist for the Kokomo Dispatch run the following in his column, "Little Dispatches":

To arms, to arms cried Martin
Come with a skip and hop
And join out with the army
At my Undertaking shop.

He's nuts said Old Man Grouchman
He don't know what he's about
That's not the place to muster in
That's where you're mustered out.

c.

TASE'S DREAM

Tune of "When You Wore a Tulip, and I Wore a Big, Red Rose."

When you wore your O.D.'s.,

Those sweet, yellow O.D.'s.

And I wore my old black tie,

We came down to Texas,

To shoot up the Mexes,

And for Uncle Sam to die.

But we gave up the rifle,

With the shovel to trifle,

And build mess shacks to keep out the flies.

As soldiers, we can dig ditches,

And clean up our breeches,

And put on our old black ties.

d.

FAREWELL, JIM

Tune of "My Gal Sal." Sung when Major Jim Schuyler left for home.

We'll miss you, Major Jim,

Full of laughter, vigor and vim,

With a heart that is mellow,

An all 'round good fellow

Is Major Jim.

You were always dead on the square,

And you treated everyone fair,

You'd give us the devil,

But you're dead on the level;

Good bye, good luck, Major Jim.

e.

OUR PET

All we do is sign the pay-roll,

All we do is sign the pay-roll,

All we do is sign the pay-roll,

And we never get a gosh darned cent.

47.

P A R O D I E S

Sung by the Famous Co. "A," 7th Reg. Trio
Sergt. H. V. Leonard, Private Fred Tase &
Private B. B. Pettigrue

a.

MAJOR JIM SCHUYLER'S DELIGHT

Tune: "A Little Bit of Heaven"

"Texas, and Its Name."

Have you ever heard the story of how Texas got its name,
If I had been asked, the name I'd give it sure would be a shame.
It's no wonder that we always dream of dear old New York Town,
Here's a few good reasons why we nearly always wear a frown.

Chorus:

Sure, when Satan finished making hell, he had a bit to spare,
Which he scooped upon a shovel just to toss most anywhere,
And when he threw, and turned around, and saw what he had done,
He said "By gosh! I've almost put the U. S. on the bum."

And then the pests he sent here take the joy right out of life;
Why the water isn't fit to hand your father-in-law's bossy wife.
Then he had the sunshine hotter--yes at times it's hot as--well,
If I had my way, the name I'd give to Texas would be H--L.

b.

AT TARGET PRACTICE

You've heard about the scorpions, let us tell you 'bout the ants:
They bit right through our undershirts, and they bit right through our pants.
They bit us on the elbows and they bit us on the knees,
So we had to get out of Alton to avoid some damn disease.

Tune of "Fol-the-rol-dol."

There's a terrible place named Alton,
It's a h..l of a place to halt in.
Try to sleep on the ground,
And by ants you'll be found,
And you'll have to get up and keep walkin',
Fol-the-rol-dol, Fol-the-rol-dol,
They sure did have us a-dancin'
They got in our hair,
And most everywhere,
Why even the horses were prancin'.

48.

FOUR OR FIVE DAYS FROM BROADWAY

Tune of: "Forty Five Minutes from Broadway"

We're just 4 or 5 days from Broadway,
Four or five days from here;
McAllen's a bird, no one here ever heard,
Of Delmonico's, Rector's or Brown's;
With a 50 cent piece, you're a spendthrift
If you open a bottle of beer,
You're a sport, so they say,
Just imagine Broadway,
Only four or five days from here.

49.

TAKE US BACK TO NEW YORK TOWN

Tune of: "Back to Nassau Hall"

Take us to Manhattan,
Make our hearts feel light;
We are going blind here,
Looking for a Fight.
If I cannot be in it,
On that I'll wager ten,
If I seek a location, for perspiration-
Its in McAllen.

Chorus:

Take us back, take us back,
Take us back to New York Town;
Take us back, take us back,
Where we'll never wear a frown,
Herald Square, anywhere,
How does Old Broadway sound?
We'll make our pack,
Then take us back,
Take us back to New York Town.

Camping and marching, that's all;
Not an order to charge or retreat--
Not a volley or cavalry skirmish;
Not a victory or a defeat--
That's how it stood on the Border
'Til a rookie accused them of fright;
He asked them what kind of a soldier
Preferred lying 'round to a fight?

A chap with a deep, burning eye--
The kind that a fever has claimed,
Pale, over-thin and run-down--
But possessed of a spirit untamed,
Got up from the cot where he lay
And crawled to the side of the fool
Who had measured both warfare and men--
Not by the fact, but by the rule.

"Fight? Yes, we're fighting," said he,
"In the way a man has to fight;
Longing for peace and for home,
Is the foe that is pressing us tight.
It flanks us when night falls around
And entrenches when day has begun--
Day, with its sun, dust and thirst--
Day, with its thirst, dust and sun.

"It throttles the smiles in our hearts;
It tortures the light of our brain--
Yet never a cross or a marker of stone
Is set up for the hopes that are slain;
And never a mention or name
Is inscribed on the patriots' roll,
Yet never a murmur goes up from the ranks,
Though deep are the scars on our soul.

"Fight? Is it only with steel
That a soldier may honor his name?
Is the flash of the glittering sword
The latch to the portals of fame?
No, damn it, no; if it were so,
We who are forced here to dwell
Would never that threshold invade,
But slip to the caldrons of hell."

Then the rookie went back to his tent,
Abashed at the words that were said;
Convinced that a man is a man,
Who is willing, yet never has fled;
And the surgeon examined the chap
Who had spoken and swore 'neath his breath,
Then stood at attention and watched
As he answered the call of death!

--By the New York City Kid.

51.

ALL GO NORTH ON THE 1:45

From the New York National Guardsman for June.

(There was but one passenger train daily leaving Mission, McAllen and Pharr in Texas for the north during the Mexican border days and it left at 1:45 p.m.)

Away from McAllen, east thru Pharr,
The Gulf Coast Lines yank a jerky car,
Faring forth in a blithesome way
Towards God's Country, once each day,
Summer or winter, dead or alive,
They all go North on the 1:45.

Some for a furlough, out for a "time"
Not to return till he hasn't a dime.
At Brownsville, or Corpus, or San Antone
Where, for a time, his soul's his own,--
Trooper or Doughboy, dead or alive,
They all go North on the 1:45.

Subjects of Surgeons or General Court,
(Both go on tickets the government bought)
By hospital litter or gyves on wrist,
Feeling they've each had a "hell of a twist"--
Patient or criminal, dead or alive.
They all go North on the 1:45.

Some few, as a flag-draped caisson load,
Go slowly home to their long abode.
And the muffled drums beat their solemn call
As salute to one who has finished all.
Gunner or Engineer, dead or alive,
They all go North on the 1:45.

Best way of all is to "do your bit"
And then--and not until then-- to quit,
By furlough to Reserve for three years, then
Wait Uncle Sam's call for trained men.
Soldier or citizen, dead or alive,
They all go North on the 1:45.

---E.O.
(E.O. stands for Brig. Gen. E. Olmsted)

52.

HELL ON THE RIO GRANDE

(A ballad for rookies, written by an army man thirty years ago)

The devil, we're told, in hell was chained,
And a thousand years he there remained;
He never complained, nor did he groan,
But determined to start a hell of his own,
Where he could torment the souls of men
Without being chained in a prison pen,
So he asked the Lord if he had on hand
Anything left when he made the land.

The Lord said: "Yes, I had plenty on hand,
But I left it down on the Rio Grande.
The fact is, old boy, the stuff is so poor
I don't think you could use it in hell any more."

The devil went down to look at the truck,
And said if it came as a gift he was stuck;
For, after examining it carefully and well,
He concluded the place was too dry for hell.

So in order to get it off his hands,
The Lord promised the devil to water the lands;
For he had some water, or rather some dregs,
A regular cathartic that smelled like bad eggs.
Hence the deal was closed, and the deed was given,
And the Lord went back to his home in heaven;
And the devil then said: "I have all that is needed
To make a good hell," and hence he succeeded.

He began to put thorns on all the trees,
And he mixed the sand with millions of fleas;
He scattered tarantulas along all the roads;
Put thorns on the cacti and horns on the toads.
He lengthened the horns of the Texas steers,
And he put an addition on the jack rabbit's ears;
And he put a little devil on the broncho steed,
And he poisoned the feet of the centipede.

The heat in the summer is a hundred and ten,
Too hot for the devil and too hot for the men.
The wild boar roams through the black chaparral--
It's a hell of a place he has for a hell.
The red pepper grows on the banks of the brook;
The Mexicans use it in all that they cook.
Just dine with a greaser and then you will shout:
"I've hell on the inside as well as the out."

53.

SOON

By Major Franklin W. Ward, Asst. C/S 6th Div.

Tune: Danny Deever

"What are the tom-toms beating for?" said the Pat-Riotic-One,
"To Call you out, to call you out," said Mister Warrison.
"Our factory works without a stop," said the Pat-Riotic-One,
"Your boss'll gladly close up shop," said Mister Warrison.

For we're going' to 'ave an Army, it's all fixed up, they way.
The Continental Army will be formed without delay.
Four hundred thousand' waitin', if you believe the bunk,
For we're goin' to 'ave an Army- in the mornin'.

"Where you goin' to quarter them?" said the Pat-Riotic-One.
"The armories of the National Guard," said Mister Warrison.
"Where will you keep their uniforms?" said the Pat-Riotic-One,
"They'll mostly have them on," said Mister Warrison.

For we're goin' to 'ave an Army, it's all but fixed up now.
Two months of every summer, and then they'll show you how.
The Milish' will furnish it their men most all the work they'll do,
For we're goin' to 'ave an Army, in the mornin'.

"Where will you teach them marksmanship?" said the Pat-Riotic-One,
"The States have ranges all equipped," said Mr. Warrison.
"But who will do the teachin'?" said the Pat-Riotic-One,
"The National Guard's for just that work," said Mr. Warrison.

For we're goin' to 'ave an Army, the greatest ever known,
The boss will pay your wages when you're away from home,
It won't take long to mobilize, if there's danger of a clash,
For we're goin' to 'ave an Army- in the morning.

"How will you get the Officers?" said the Pat-Riotic-One
"The Army will attend to that," said Mr. Warrison
"Will the Guardsmen ever get their pay?" said the Pat-Riotic-One,
"In about a thousand years-they may," said Mr. Warrison.

For we're goin' to 'ave an Army, and it won't cost us a cent;
All you do is leave the factory, an' your boss'll pay your rent.
Every Regular second lieutenant will be a colonel, when-
We have that brand new Army- in the mornin'.

54.

CHRISTMAS COMES TO THE BORDER

By Karl Wilhem Detzer

An orange streak afloat on the Eastern Sky,
A camp astir and a grizzly Border dawn
A flutter of restless wings, a nightbird's cry
A bugle sounds farewell to the night that's gone,
Christmas comes to the Border.

A breath-warm wind on a barren soulless land
A weary camp asweat in a weary plain
Earth's face seared by the sun's white heated brand,
A laugh that echoes the Heimweh's bitter pain.
Christmas noon on the Border.

A froth of stars aglint in a sea of night
A soothing breeze from the sweep of the Rio Grande
A distant wail of a coyote pack in flight
A thought of home, and lonely men in the Borderland.
Christmas night on the Border.

--Hoosier Guard.

Karl Detzer served on the Border as Color Sergeant in the 2nd Indiana Infantry.

55.

CHRISTMAS ON THE BORDER

1916

Company D. - 23rd U.S. Infantry
Camp Cotton - El Paso, Texas

When it's Christmas on the border, And the sun is all aglow,
And the sands begin to glisten, Like our good old home town snow,
I gaze across the river clear, And it makes me sort o' blue,
When it's Christmas on the Border, Mother, my thoughts go back to you.
When the sun has passed the border, And it's after-glow is red,
And the Christmas moon is shining, On the silent Desert Bed,
I'm feeling kind of lonely like, I know you're lonely too,
When the sun has passed the border, Dad, my thoughts go back to you.
When the greaser stops his sniping, And sulking through the sands,
When the raider hides himself, Away beyond the Rio Grande,
And Villa doffs his sombrero, To the red, the white, the blue,
And it's quiet on the border, I'll spend Christmas home with you.

---Joseph Walters

56.

I'VE DONE MY BIT IN THE GUARD HOUSE

I've done my bit in the guardhouse, I've worn the border blues,
I've got five weeks in the guardhouse, and 5 week's pay that I'll lose.
Yet it ain't the pay that I'm mindin' That's only a paltry sum.
But it's always someone remindin', "You're only a guardhouse bum."

Why when I ask for the makin's-Or, if I ask for a bath-
 The same old jeers always greet my ears, The relief starts in to laugh.
 They rout me out in the morning, To policin' around a bit;
 I'm at work before day is dawnin', Sometimes I think that I'll quit.
 They put me to work on the woodpile, I've toiled in the Officer's mess;
 When my sentence is finished, I'll file for my Discharge, I guess.
 There's always a sentry watchin' Or I might go over the Hill,
 But there's not a chance with 2-foot lance, Or a little round lead pill.
 Two days and my sentence is over, Oh, Lord, how the days do drag;
 Two days and I'll do it all over- Only make it a ten day's jag.
 I guess I'll go down to Brownsville, They say that's a lively place-
 "What's that Sentry, a letter? Why boys, it's from my sweetheart, Grace."

 "Well, fellows, she calls me her Soldier, That party's on the blink,
 I'll shine my shoes and lay off booze--I'll Soldier some, I think."

57. GRAY'S "ELEGY" DONE INTO LLANO GRANDEAN
 By Stewart Jackson

The bugle blares the knell of parting day,
 The weary soldiers fall in for Retreat.
 The Colors fall and shoulders straighten out,
 Music floats on muffled beat.
 Now from yonder cactus-covered wastes,
 Where red sun drops down in the West.
 The wily coyotes, yelping nose dumps,
 Tropic night birds call from nest-nest.
 The moon unveils and noises die away,
 All the Camp in solemn stillness wraps.
 Save only when the silver bugle wafts
 Upon the air mellowed notes of "Taps."
 Full many a gem of purest ray serene
 Poets tell us sparkle in the dirt,
 And surely just as many noble hearts,
 Beat true 'neath an army O.D. shirt,

The boasts of urban strife, city's pomp,
All that busy thoroughfares give
They bid the least in earth's auction pit,
Give me the life a Border soldier lives.

58.

DREAMING OF HOME

By W. H. Day, 3rd U.S. Cavalry

It comes to me oft' in silence, When the camp-fires sputter low-
And the black, uncertain shadows, Seem wraiths of long ago;
Sometimes with a throb of heartache, That thrills each pulsive vein,
Comes an old, unquiet longing, For the peace of home again.
I'm sick of the noise and confusion, And of countries new and strange;
There's a place all warmth and welcome, And my yearning fancies range
Back to the quaint old homeland, With an aching sense of pain;
But the "elfland horns" will greet me, When I go home again.
When I go home again; there's music, That may never die away.
And it seems the hands of Angels, On mystic harps at play
Have touched with a yearning sadness, On a beautiful broken strain,
To which my heart is wording "When I go home again."
Out thru my darkened tent door, Lies the great world's crash and din,
And slowly the evening shadows, Come drifting, drifting in.
Sobbing, the night wind murmurs, To the splash of the December rain,
As I dream of the glorious greeting, When I go Home again.

59.

A LEAVE OF ABSENCE

By E. G. K. in Hoosier Guard

I requested Leave of Absence, and went back into the State,
And I made haste with great gladness, Oh, I did not hesitate;
For the North meant friends and cities, Decent living, and fine food,
And a surcease from the weary Grind of military, brewed
On the Border, in the dirty tents, Surrounded with crude things.
So, I entered on my absence, As a bird tries out its wings.
But my friends had hardly missed me; Had forgotten where I'd been;
All unconsciously they cut me, With sophisticated grin.
They'd forgotten our Militia, Squatting here within the brush;
They were busy making money- With prosperity they were flush.

Then I packed my locker trunks again, And hurried to REAL friends,
ON THE BORDER, where my pals are, You can bet THEY made amends.

60.

SUPPOSE

By Chester B. Bahn, Aero Co., New York Division

I'm just home from the Border; I've served my bit- I'm through-
But here's a little message, From the khaki boys to you.
Yes, I'm just a "tin soldier" - A member of the Guard-
But I've worn the uniform, And followed the Flag, pard.
You remained in your office - Mammon must have its due-
Others left wife and children; It mattered naught to you.
You've sneered at our service, Laughed at our complaints,
Snickered at our failings, Expected us to be Saints.

Suppose you left the viands, Went to Border land;
Where even the water's putrid, And the ground baking sand.
Suppose you left the viands, They serve on old Broadway,
And lived on corned Willie, And beans from day to day.
Suppose you left the feathers, On which you softly rest,
And slept on a canvas cot, Say, could you stand the test?
Suppose you used a shovel, From dawn to set of sun,
And spent half of the night-time, On guard with heavy gun.

Suppose you had grubbed out cactus, Built roads, bridges and shacks,
'Till your muscles revolted, Against the pain and racks;
For remember, you had never, Done hard labor before,
Life to you meant riding, In car or coach and four.
Suppose you toiled from day-break Beneath a desert glare-
At night had a shower bath, From the dew in the air.
Suppose you drew stable duty, Amid a hundred mules-
Was kicked in legs, head, and body, Until the blood formed pools.

Suppose that your employer, Had promised that he would pay
Your salary just the same, Although you were away.
Suppose that a month later, He had a change of mind;
And even filled your place- You know there are that kind.
Suppose you had a family- I think you would demur
If they held up for weeks, That measly Fifteen per.

Suppose you came for "action" - To make that Bandit pay;
Wouldn't you grow restless, If 'stead of leaden spray
You only heard the murmur of words and words and words?
Oh, why mock the dove of peace- It is the time for swords.
I'm just Home from the Border- I've done my bit-I'm through'
But ere you call us "knockers", I SERVED THE FLAG- DID YOU?

61.

TOO PROUD TO LOAF

By M. Irving in Leslie's

We're camping on the Rio Grande with nothing much to do,
But wash our shirts and darn our sox and darn the insects, too.
We want the World to understand we're not too proud to fight,
But draw the line at loafing here with things that sting and bite.

The Rattlers are a friendly lot and visit us by scores,
Tarantulas prefer our tents to sleeping out of doors.
We've learned that a horned toad is but a harmless little oaf,
We're not a bit too proud to fight, but how we hate to loaf.

In napping in our shoes and hats the scorpion persists,
And we did not enlist to be a bunch of naturalists.
We're not too proud to fight the foe, no matter when he comes,
But are ashamed to wait around and loaf and twirl our thumbs.

While we are valeting for mules and building fences here,
Some other fellows have the jobs we held for many a year.
We're not too proud to fight-in fact we'd glory in a fray,
But we're too busy just to sit and loaf our time away.

Oh, this is not a soldier's life, this slugging sand and sun,
Mosquitos, fleas and all the pests that crawl and fly and run.
We're not too proud for Freedom's sake to fight and bleed and die,
But loafing will not help to keep Old Glory in the sky.

62.

THE OTHER MAN

Author unknown - in "Hoosier Guard"

I'm here on the Border serving the Flag,
I'm a soldier of old Uncle Sam;
In the dust and heat from 1st Call to Retreat,
I'm doing my bit as I am.
The Other Man sits in some cabaret,
Where there's wine, women and song.
He laughs at the cares that a poor devil shares,
While hours of eve grow long.

I hike through the cactus and thick chapparal,
In the wind, the sun and rain.
But the other man rides, tangoes and glides,
He squanders the Golden Grain.
He knows not the thrill of a glorious East,
When the sun sets a torch in the sky,
For dawn of his morn finds him weary and worn,
Till the rosy hours slip by.

He knows not the sweat of honest man's toil,
He never yet shouldered a gun;
Tho his Country may call he'll be deaf to all,
For his Soul and Body are one.
Though weary the days and weary the nights,
Though the Why is not understood
Would I barter my lot for things he's got?
Would I rather be him? Sure I would.

63.

THE RAVER

By Karl Wilhelm Detzer, 2nd Indiana Inf.

(Without a single apology to Edgar (author of the "Raven") - he'd have been as bad as this himself in Llano Grande, Texas)

Once upon the Border dreary, I was sitting, weak and weary
Reading Army Regulations, and I tell you they're a bore;
As I pondered, nearly weeping, suddenly there came a creeping,
Cringing, cussing something, crawling thru my quarters door.

"What is this sad thing," I muttered and the thing looked up and stuttered,
And I recognized Buck Private as he sat him on the floor.

And with smiling lamentations he looked at the Regulations
And he gnashed his teeth in frenzy, and I saw that he was sore.
"What?" I asked in accents cheery, "can it be that you are weary
O' this life of ease you're leading, are you thirsty after gore?
Do you long for beans and bacon?" Then I saw I was mistaken.
For he glared in awful fury as he shouted, "NEVERMORE."

In his eye was desperation and the beads of perspiration
Streamed from off his sunburned features and besplattered up the floor.
In my efforts at beguiling those sad features into smiling,
Dwelt I lightly on the trenches we had dug the day before;
Little trenches built for pleasure, to the Major's plan and measure,
But the only word he muttered, "NEVERMORE."

"Come" I asked, "what brought you down here if you only sit and frown here?"
"Think," I said, "of all the orphans you have saved upon this shore;
Muse on all the hapless strangers and defenseless Texas Rangers
You have rescued from the bandits," and the fellow kicked and swore.
"I have met," he said, "a bandit and you surely have to hand it
To him for his thorough hold-ups, selling opals in a store."

When I tried to calm the fellow he would only sit and bellow,
Of the job in Indiana which he had before the War.
And he rolled his eyes insanely while he versified profanely,
Bawling boastful Border curses never, never heard before.
But he raged beyond resisting when I mentioned "re-enlisting,"
And he kicked my meat house over, shrieking, "NEVER-NEVERMORE."

--Hoosier Guard

64.

A BORDER CHRISTMAS CAROL

By Ewing Lewis in "Hoosier Guard"

We're eating Christmas Dinner in a flimsy banquet hall
And there isn't any holly and no cedar boughs at all.
There isn't any chimney for St. Nicholas to use
There are lots of splendid reasons for a case of Border Blues.
The atmosphere of Christmas isn't native to these parts.

We're a thousand miles away
From the State we love today.
But to comfort us a carol sings within our soldier hearts,
We've pumpkin pie and turkey, by the grace of Uncle Sam.
And the Mess is also brightened by an extra bit of jam.
But a plate of turkey doesn't make a Christmas, as you know,
And the dust, mesquite and heat is pretty poor compared to snow.
There's a hundred dreary reasons why we might feel out of sorts.

We're a thousand miles away
From the State we love today.
But insistently a Christmas carol sings within our hearts,
There's a sense of Northern snowdrifts and jingling bells
There's a memory of faces in the glow of mellow fires
Though the atmosphere of Christmas isn't native to these parts.
Though a thousand miles away, From the State we love today,
Thank God, a Christmas carol sings within our soldier hearts.

65.

ON THE ROAD TO MEXICO
(Thru Dixie Land)

Music by Egbert Van Alstyne in Sheet Music Copyright by Jerome H. Remick Co.

I've come to tell you Goodbye, dear, I've come to say I must go.
Dry all the tears in your eye, dear, Duty has called me, you know.
It breaks my heart, dear, to leave you, Still, to the Flag we'll be true,
And though the parting may grieve you, I'll soon return to you.

Chorus:

I'll be leaving in the morning, Molly, darling, Kiss your soldier boy Goodbye.
Now honey don't you cry, Neath the moon-beams tender glow,
Just let me see you smile before I go.
I can hear the bugle calling, Molly darling,
There the blue and gray are waiting hand in hand.
Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,
On the road to Mexico through Dixie Land.

After the battles are ended, After the fighting is done;
After our Flag we've defended, After the victory is won;
After the long days of yearning, After the clouds disappear;
Under Old Glory returning, I'll come to claim you, dear.

Chorus:

THE NATIONAL GUARDS ON THE JOB

R. A. Grissinger

It was the 22nd day of June,
We thought that we'd be brave.
Enlisted in the National Guards
The United States to save.

We were sent to Mobilization Camp
And drilled in Company style.
We were the Rookies, that is sure,
Our costume would make you smile.
Squads Right--Column Right,
On Right into line,
Left by squads, and I am sure
We did it very fine.

As the Captain never saw before
A crowd so thick and dense
But by working morning and afternoon,
In our heads he drilled some sense.
We drilled in camp about three weeks
Before we did entrain
For the largest state named "Texas"
Where they said it never rains.

We entrained on July the 9th.
It surely was some day,
For the Pennsylvania National Guards,
Who were goin so far away.

The trip was very joyous
And all along the line
The people were all good to us,
And treated us very fine.

We did all kinds of singing,
Shouts and many yell,
And ended up in Texas,
Better known as the state of Hell.

On July the thirteenth we landed
In this grand and glorious state,
And found the ground composed of sand;
You couldn't believe our fate.

Snakes, Lizards and Horned Toads
We found by the score.
We had no cots, and knew these friends
As we all slept on the floor.

In course of time they disappeared,
But other troubles began.
We got the Texas famous storms,
Composed of wind and sand.

About the middle of August
It rained all at one time.
Everything drifted far away
And was very hard to find.

About the first of October,
When knights were very bold
The evening seemed very long
And the soldiers felt very old.

On the third day of October
They started to entrain
And send the Guards away from here,
To the place from whence they came.

While leaving here they were not allowed
To show any signs of glee,
But all of us will be glad
When civilization we see.

Songs and Poems of Texas,
On post cards they are sold.
Few of Heaven, but mostly of---
The Devil and his household.

"Hell in Texas" and "Paradise,"
Are the names of some.
But I shall stop; I'll write no more,
My story, it is done.

67.

THE SECOND WASHINGTON
By Major Ernest H. Keene

The tropic moon lights softly the alfalfa field below
As she sails about through cloudless skies above Callexico;
She lights deserted buildings built by weary, sweating men
Who came from afar at the call of war, tarried and went again.

They came, an army with banners, they wrought, and they went away;
The glory of hard fought battles was denied to them for aye;
No hist'ry will tell their achievements, no monuments raise to the sky,
But the spirit that brought them thither was the spirit of do and die.

The Spirit of Seventeen Seventy-five that battled at Bunker Hill,
The Spirit of Eighteen Sixty-one that struggled at Gaines' Mill;
The love of flag and of country, and justice for high and low
Was what brought these men from their northern clime to the field at Callexico.

But God in his infinite wisdom willed that theirs was not to be
The sacrifice of blood and life for flag and for country;
No children's tears for them shall fall, nor women wring with woe,
They're gone, and the moon lights softly their old camp at Callexico.

68.

IN TEXAS, DOWN BY THE RIO GRANDE
LASCA

By Frank Duprez

I want fresh air and I want free life;
I long for the cataracts and the cattle;
The crack of the whip like shots in the battle;
The medley of horns and hoofs and heads
That wars and wrangles, scatters and spreads;
The green beneath, the blue above,
The dash, the danger, life and love and--Lasca.

She used to ride on a mouse-gray mustang close to my side,
With blue serape and bright-belled spur,
Why! I laughed with joy as I looked at her,
Little did she know of books or creeds,
An Ave Maria sufficed her needs;
Little she cared save to be by my side,
To ride with me and ever to ride,
From San Saba's shore to Lavato's tide
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

Her eyes were of brown--a deep dark brown;
Her hair was darker than her eye;
With curled crimson lips and instep high,
You could tell there ran in each vein,
Mixed with the milder Aztec strain,
The vigorous vintage of old Spain.
She was alive in every limb,
With feelings to her fingertips;
And when the Sun was like a fire,
And the sky one burning blue sapphire--
One does not drink in little sips!!
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

She was as bold as the billows that beat;
She was as free as the breezes that blow;
From her little head to her little feet,
She was swayed in a little supplelet to and fro
By each gust of passion; like a trembling pine
That grows on the edge of a tangent bluff,
And wars with the winds when the weather is rough
Is this Lasca, this love of mine.
She would hunger that I might eat,
Take the bitter, leave me the sweet.

Once when I made her jealous for fun,
In something I whispered, said or done
With another girl I used to know
Who belonged to the Tribe of the Alamo,

She drew from her garter a dear little dagger,
Like the sting of a wasp it made me stagger,
An inch to the left or an inch to the right,
And I shouldn't be maundering here tonight.
But she sobbed; and sobbingly so swiftly bound,
Her torn ramoso about the wound;
Then I quite forgave her--well, scratches don't count
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

The air was heavy, the night was hot,
I sat by her side and forgot; forgot;
Forgot the herd that were taking their rest;
Forgot that the air was close, oppressed,
That the Texas northers come sudden and soon,
In the dead of night or the blaze of moon;
And once let that herd at its rest take fright,
There's not a thing on earth can stop its flight;
And woe to the rider and woe to the steed
That fall in front of that mad stampede.

What! What was that thunder?--No.
I sprang to the saddle, she clung behind,
Then away on a mad horse down the wind,
And never was a horse pressed half so hard
And never was a steed so little spared
For we rode for our lives,
And you shall hear how we fared
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

The mustang flew but we urged him on--
There's once chance left, and you have but one. Halt,
Jump to earth, shoot your horse, crouch under him.
And hopefully take your chance;
And if those steers in their frantic course
Don't batter you to pieces at once
You may thank your stars, if not, alas, goodbye
To the quickening kiss, the long drawn sigh,
To the open air and the open sky
Of Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

The cattle were gaining and just as I felt
For my good six-shooter behind my belt--
Down came the mustang, and down came we, clinging together.
What was the rest--A body that spread itself on my breast;
Two arms that shielded my dizzy head;
Two lips that hard on my lips were pressed;
Then came thunder into my ears
As over us hurled that sea of steers,
And blows that beat blood into my eyes,
When I could rise--Lasca was dead.

I gouged out a grave, a few feet deep
And there in earth's arms I laid her to sleep;
Where she is lying no one knows.
The summer comes and the winter goes;
For many a day the flowers have spread
A pall of petals over her head;
The little gray hawk hangs aloft in the air
And the sly coyote trots here and there;
The rattlesnake glides and glitters and slides
Into a rift in the cottonwood tree;
The buzzard soars on, comes and is gone,
Stately and still like a ship at sea;
And now I wonder why I do not care
For the things that are like the things that were;
Does half my heart lie buried there
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

69.

THE MIDNIGHT PATROL

By George Manupella - 13th U.S. Cavalry - 1915-1917

The camp was silent; no moon shown bright,
No whisper broke the stillness of the night.
The line of tents somber and still
Loomed up against the distant hill;
When Lo; 'Twas heard the trumpet's blare,
The call of arms rang on the air.

The placid silence dispelled by bustle
Of moving forms all on the hustle,
Transformed it was by magic might
In contrast strange to the starry night,
Saddle up. Full pack and in a hurry
Was the order given and all was flurry.

A line is formed and the roll is called
And all equipments overhauled;
The forward march the command
And outward moves the nightly band.
Out o'er the prairies along the border
They silently rode with rout order.
In column of twos, a long strung line.
Heading for monument sixty-nine.
Then into the mountains barren and bare.
Rode Troop's men with never a care.

The dawn was breaking when they reached the lowlands
In search of the enemy's roving bands.
Who crossed the border to American soil,
To acquire wealth without toil,
Who murder and rob from year to year
The border ranches with never a fear.

A cloud of dust caught our attention,
I heard the Troop Commander mention
To the first sergeant, give me the glass,
And I will spot them as they pass.
Then we will get them from the rear,
And teach them how our troops to fear.
Left into line at a trot they swung
Each man thankful to be along;
Draw sabers! And the swishing sound
Of clashing steel could be heard miles around.
The horses were quiet and steady
And every trooper there was ready
To do or die in his country's name.
What better than that glorious fame.

And if grim death should claim its toll
Your name upon the honor roll,
With names of heroes long since dead
Who also for their country bled.

Charge! And with exultant yell
Each trooper rode his good mount well.
Into the lines of the forging foe,
Cutting and slashing high and low,
Parrying neatly, thrusting sure.
Giving wounds that none could cure.

"Twas not for long that the enemy stood
Their ground as brave warriors should
They turned and rode, disgracefully fled,
Leaving behind their wounded and dead.
Out in the sun as carrion prey.
Coyotes by night, vultures by day.
Once more again reigns peace and order
In the valleys by the border.

70.

THE SENTRY

By Herman G. Gerdes, 1916-17

In the fitful light of a summer night,
Neath the stars of a Southern sky,
Where the cactus grows and the soft wind blows,
With a sound like a whispered sigh,

In that mystic land of the Rio Grande,
In realm of the grey mesquite,
When the coyote band, slinks over the sand,
By the rattlesnakes dark retreat,

Stood tented town, whose walls of brown,
Rose from a terrain bare,
T'was flanked on each side, by a desert wide,
The Mexican brigand's lair,

It rose from the sand of that desert strand,
With its tent tops pointing high,
A city of dreams that slept in the gleams,
Of the glittering hosts of the sky,

Now the night was still, but chill, and more chill,
Grew the breath of the desert air,
As it swept by a post, where still as a ghost,
A sentry was standing there,

Rifle in hand, he stood on the strand,
Of what was an inland sea,
While the coyotes bark, rang thru the dark
With a burst of demoniac glee,
Like hounds from hell, where the demons dwell,
They circled around in the gloom,
As with snarls of hate, that nothing could sate,
They plotted the sentry's doom,

But he gave no heed, to the vagrant breed,
For he knew when the bugle would blow
They would scurry like rats to their habitats
With the rattlesnakes dwelling below.

Then his nerves grew tense, for he knew not whence
A phantom might rise in the dark
The gleam of a knife and good-by to life
The sentry would lie cold and stark.

For Pancho Villa, the bandit Guerrilla
Had challenged America's might,
He was here, he was there, he was everywhere;
But he never would stand up and fight!

But as no alarm, disturbed the night's calm
The sentry's thoughts wandered away,
To his Northern home, where he used to roam
Thru the woodlands in childhood's days.

Then he thought of the war, and what was it for?
Would hate among men never cease?
And he offered a prayer, on that desert bare,
That the morrow would bring World peace.

So the hours passed by and the stars in the sky
Grew pale in the flush of the dawn;
And the sentry saw, in wonder and awe,
The glory of McAllen's morn.

For broad bands of gold, of splendor untold
With crimson illumined the sky.
Such beauty that man, forever might plan
But never could equal or vie.

Then the reveille blew, and the sentry knew
His vigil was ended at last;
But he doesn't forget, for he's living yet
That night in the faraway past.

71. YOU ARE DOING YOUR BIT ON THE BORDER
(With apologies to the Iowa Captain who wrote, "I've Done My Bit on
the Border.")

You are doing your bit on the border,
And you long for God's country again.
But what of the mother who waits at home?
Do you think of her, soldier-men?
While you eat of the dirt of Texas,
And drink of the Rio Grande,
She goes thru the torture of waiting
And you never can understand,
That while you are down on the border
She has felt more than you can feel,
There are tears that well up in her tired eyes,
As the days 'cross the calendar steal.

You are doing your bit on the border,
At Brownsville and Llano Grande,
You've hiked and sweat in the heat and wet
From Pharr to the end of the land;

But what of the wives and sweethearts
in the land you long to greet,
Who've been on their knees, with prayers and pleas
At the Father's judgment seat,
They have waited with patience and yearning,
Have sent you letters galore
To the land where things are all made with stings
From the trees to the rugs on the floor,
Ah! the hearts that were hopeful are blasted,
They have lived through a thousand Hells
While you charge in the jungled cactus
To the music of Rebel yells.

If you've carried your pack in the jungle
Till it cut right down to the blood
Have you thought of the wounds in your mother's heart,
And the anguish she has stood?
When you rise at five in the morning
At the sound of reveille,
You may know that each day for her boy she does pray,
That he soon will be set free,
Yes, you live the life of a soldier,
With no chance to beat it or shirk,
But the life of the ones who are waiting at home
Is far worse than the toil and the work.

So you've eaten the food of a soldier,
Hardtack and Mulligan stew,
Helped out by the boxes sent from home,
That never were scarce or few,
While you follow the flag of your country,
In khaki and plain O.D.
While up to date you are standing straight,
In a way that is good to see.
She does her bit of waiting,
Which is ever the woman's share,
What is there to trade for the show you have made,
In the locks of your mother's hair?

So you've had your fill of the Border,
You sunbrowned soldier-men,
You have done your bit, and you stand to quit
And never take on again;
So you seem to know, that when bugles blow
And you hear the reveille,
That your blood will heat and your pulse beat,
No matter where you may be,
You will learn to go, with a burning yearn
That only a soldier feels
To slave and sweat in the heat and wet
To straighten and click your heels,
While she does her bit of waiting,
Soldier lad, you never can know
The pain that starts in the mothers' hearts,
When she hears the bugles blow.

M. L. S.--A girl from Virginia.

72. THE RAW CAVALRY RECRUIT

Words Composed by Lieutenant Charles Morrison, N.G. Cavalry

May be Sung to the Tune of Reuben, Reuben, I've Been Thinking

1. I ain't been long in this man's Army
I'm what they call a Raw Recruit;
Guess I'll stay, its better than farming
Get three meals and pay to boot.
2. The very first thing in the morning
Fellow with a horn makes an awful din;
Then a guy they call First Sergeant
Shouts, "Get up and turn out, Men."
3. Then you march down to the stables
With your brush and curry comb;
There you groom until you hear this order:
"Cease grooming. Fall in" and march back home.
4. They started teaching me Squads Right and Left,
Marched me forward, then turned me around;
Gave me a gun and I put it on my shoulder
"One, Two, Three", and I put it on the ground.
5. You sign your name on a piece of paper,
Officer with money gives you your pay;
Take it to the squad tent, put it on a blanket,
Fellow yells "CRAPS" and takes your pay away.
6. Then men try to talk with signal
Trooper waves a flag to another far away;
Just one thing I'm trying to figure out,
How does he know what he's trying to say?

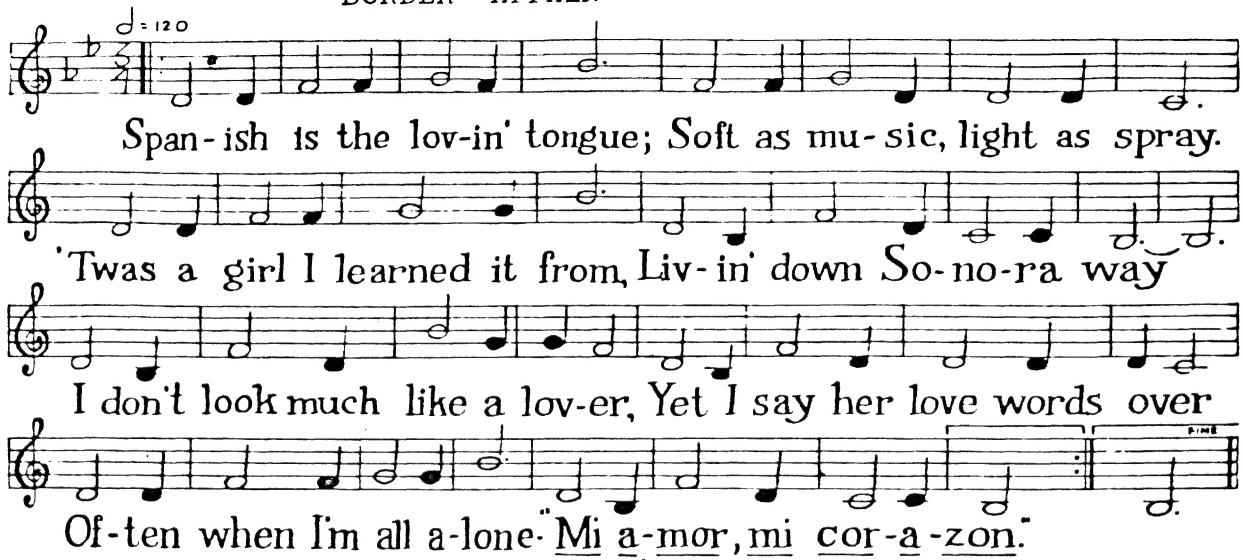
73. TO CAPTAIN HARRY SPENCER

Words by Editor John Monahan, Editor of Cavalry News Letter

1. It is of a famous cavalryman, a story can be told,
Named Captain Harry Spencer, who commanded "K" Troop (1st N.Y. Cavalry) bold.
He trotted "K" Troop round the ring, and out the big door handy
As fledgelings from the nest they went, off to the Rio Grande.
2. Now, Harry had one war already (in Cuba); attended with the Navy,
But he had joined the Cavalree to make old Pancho savvy,
That New York lads disliked the way he acted on the Border.
A strange contrast to nowadays with New York in disorder.
3. So Harry and his "K" Troop have traveled a long, long, trail,
And polished plenty leather a' searching for their Grail.
What mission does Mars now expect, for Harry's Little Band?
Perhaps the long overdue opening gun, to wake the slumbering Land.

"BORDER AFFAIR"

♩ = 120



Span-ish is the lov-in' tongue; Soft as mu-sic, light as spray.
 'Twas a girl I learned it from, Liv-in' down So-no-ra way
 I don't look much like a lov-er, Yet I say her love words over
 Of-ten when I'm all a-lone. Mi a-mor, mi cor-a-zon.

Spanish is the lov'in' tongue,
 Soft as music, light as spray.
 'Twas a girl I learnt it from,
 Livin' down Sonora way.
 I don't look much like a lover,
 Yet I say her love words over
 Often when I'm all alone —
 "Mi amor, mi corazón."

Nights when she knew where I'd ride
 She would listen for my spurs,
 Flung the big door open wide,
 Raise them laughin' eyes of hers,
 And my heart would nigh stop beatin'
 When I heard her tender greetin',
 Whispered soft for me alone —
 "Mi amor! mi corazón!"

Moonlight in the patio,
 Old Señora noddin' near,
 Me and Juana talkin' low
 So the Madre couldn't hear —
 How those hours would go a-flyin'!
 And too soon I'd hear her sighin'
 In her little sorry tone —
 "Adiós, mi corazón!"

But one time I had to fly
 For a foolish gamblin' fight,
 And we said a swift goodbye
 In that black, unlucky night.
 When I'd loosed her arms from clingin'
 With her words the hoofs kep' ringin'
 As I galloped north alone —
 "Adiós, mi corazón!"

Never seen her since that night.
 I kain't cross the Line, you know.
 She was Mex and I was white;
 Like as not it's better so.
 Yet I've always sort of missed her
 Since that last wild night I kissed her,
 Left her heart and lost my own —
 "Adiós, mi corazón!"

Source: Fife, Austin E. The American West Vol.6, March 1969 pp 26&27
 This was a favorite song of a small rancher near Prescott, Arizona.
 His name was Billy Simon and he gave final musical form to one
 Charles Badger Clark's 'enchanted poem about the bittersweet of
 cross-cultured love.'